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5 Cents.

# WILD WEST WEEKLY.

## YOUNG WILD WEST AND THE YELLOW BULL OR ARIETTA'S DARING ESCAPE

AND OTHER STORIES

By An Old Scout

When the redskin saw Arietta disappear he urged the bull on faster. The next instant the maddened animal dashed over the cliff. At that moment Wild and Charlie came riding through the ravine.

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# WILD WEST WEEKLY

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## Young Wild West and the Yellow Bull

—OR—

### ARIETTA'S DARING ESCAPE

By AN OLD SCOUT

#### CHAPTER I.

##### AT BIG HIT MINING CAMP.

"Well, well! Young Wild West, how are you?"

"Fine, captain. I hardly recognized you at first. How is everything?"

"I can't complain about having too much to do of late. Things have been pretty quiet for a few months. But I have an idea that there will be something going on before very long."

"Expect a little in the way of excitement, eh?"

"Yes, and perhaps plenty of it. Hello! Here are your partners. And I see the girls over there—and Hop Wah and the other heathen, too. You certain all look fine. My! what a picturesque party you do make."

Captain Smith, of the 13th Cavalry, turned and looked admiringly at the handsome, athletic boy he had just met in front of the long shanty structure that was called a hotel, in the mining camp of Big Hit, Arizona.

The boy was no other than Young Wild West, the dashing young hero and champion deadshot of the West.

It was just about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of a very warm day in the early spring, when Young Wild West, with the friends who traveled with him on his adventurous horseback trips throughout the wildest parts of the West in search of fortune and adventure, arrived at a small mining camp called Big Hit, that was situated in the eastern part of Arizona.

It will be in order to mention right here that the boy's companions consisted of his girl sweetheart, golden-haired Arietta Murdock; Cheyenne Charlie, the well-known scout, and his wife Anna; Jim Dart, a true Western boy, and his sweetheart, Eloise Gardner; and the two Chinamen who invariably traveled with them in the capacity of servants, Hop Wah and Wing Wah.

The party had just about settled down at the hotel to wait for dinner when a cavalry captain rode up and dismounted.

The moment he set eyes upon him Young Wild West arose from the bench he was sitting upon in the shade the porch afforded and started to meet him.

The captain recognized the young deadshot instantly, and hence the conversation at the opening of this chapter.

Captain Smith promptly shook hands with Young Wild West's two partners, and then doffing his hat, he turned to the girls, as they were always called by our hero and his partners.

Though Arietta was the only native of the far West, Anna and Eloise had easily adapted themselves to the style that prevailed there, and they were quite as breezy as she.

They gave the captain, whom they had met once or twice

at Fort Defiance, a hearty greeting, and soon a pleasant conversation was in progress.

Young Wild West had been more than ordinarily interested in something the captain had said, and waiting until there was a lull in the conversation, he turned to the cavalry officer and said:

"Well, captain, don't think I'm too inquisitive, but I'd like to know what you're expecting to happen soon to stir up some excitement."

"Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, Wild. Excuse me," was the reply. "You see, it's this way," and he knitted his brows somewhat, showing that he really felt that there was going to be trouble of some sort. "Old Crooked Hoof, the Apache medicine man, has been going around among the redskins for the past month or two, and holding councils in which he has been showing the wonderful power he claims to possess. The agent only notified our commander at the fort last week of this, so we can't tell just whether the seed Crooked Hoof had been sowing has sprouted or not. But I have been so long fighting Indians that I can't help feeling that something is going to happen, and very quickly, at that. The old medicine man bears a bad reputation, anyhow, but for the past year or two he has been living very quietly."

"I see, captain. You expect an outbreak from the Apaches, then?"

"That's it, exactly. But don't speak too loud, Wild. I don't want everyone to know this. I came here on purpose to try and pick up some information, since I know that there are Indians hanging about here nearly all the time. Most of them are the sort that won't work, and they simply watch for chances they can get to get whisky, which I am sorry to say many of the cowboys and miners will furnish them, even though they know it is against the law."

"Yes, that is a thing that has been going on right along, and I hardly think it can be very well stopped. But, captain, I am going to tell you truthfully that I am glad to hear that there is danger of an outbreak of the Apaches."

"I am not surprised to hear you say that, Young Wild West," and the captain laughed heartily. "You're always looking for trouble, it seems. Nothing suits you better than to get in a scrimmage with a lot of bad redskins."

"Right you are, captain. I suppose I must have been born that way, so I can't help it. But you know me well enough to feel satisfied that if anything happens I'll help you out all I can."

"I certainly do know that. When you were not more than seventeen years of age you distinguished yourself by the scouting you did for the army up in Dakota. You were presented with a document that entitled you to the privilege of passing through the lines at any time, and also of giving advice to the different officers you may come in contact with



in times of troubles with the Indians. Oh, yes, Wild, I know all about that. I don't blame you, and to tell the truth, I wouldn't mind if something turned up to give me a chance to wear off the rust, for I have been in idleness a long time, and while some may think we cavalrymen have an easy thing of it, it's mighty tiresome to just lie around and eat and drink and answer the roll call. Still," and he shook his head, "I wouldn't want to see the redskins break out strong enough to commit any depredations before it could be stopped. I consider that the lives of fifty redskins wouldn't pay for the loss of one white person."

"Unless it might be some measly coyote who deserved to be hung or shot, anyhow," Cheyenne Charlie put in. "There's lots of white men what ain't no better than the worst redskins that ever lived. You know that, Captain Smith."

"Oh, yes, Charlie," and the officer turned to him and smiled. "But I doubt if I have met as many of them as you have."

"There ain't many what's met any more, such galoots than I have," the scout declared. "I was born in old Cheyenne, an' I was too little when my father an' mother died to remember much of 'em. They were killed by redskins. I don't jest know how I was brought up, but it was in a mighty rough fashion. But I lived through it, an' I've passed through about everything there is in the way of danger an' met all sorts of people."

"And come out at the top of the heap, too, Charlie," Young Wild West added, with a laugh.

"Well, I ain't quite to the top of it yet, 'cause you're there an' it are most likely that you're goin' to stay there jest as long as you live. There ain't nobody else as kin git to the top of the heap, Wild, while you're livin'. There wouldn't be room enough."

"He's referring to Wild's shooting, and the like, captain," Arietta spoke up.

"Not altogether that," the scout declared, with a shake of his head. "You couldn't name a man or boy what kin hold a candle to Wild in any way you want to put it."

"That will do, Charlie," our hero said, laying his hand upon the scout's arm. "They say everybody likes a little flattery, but I am going to tell you straight that I don't like to hear it from you."

"I don't know what you call flattery," persisted Charlie. "If flattery is meanin' what a fellow says, I s'pose, then, it's flattery what I've been sayin'. But—"

At this juncture his wife took him by the arm and led him over and tried to force him to sit upon a bench.

"All right, gal," he said, laughing good-naturedly. "I always let myself go when my tongue once gets started. But it's all right, anyhow. The captain understands it, an' I'll bet on it."

"I surely do, Charlie," Smith retorted, quickly, and then turning to the girls, he added:

"If you'll all excuse me for a little while, I'll have my horse put away and indulge in a good wash, which I think I need after riding through the heat of the day across the alkali stretch."

"You're excusable, captain," Wild retorted, while the rest nodded.

So the cavalryman turned and went back to his horse, where an employee of the hotel was waiting.

"Well, boys," Young Wild West said, as he nodded to his two partners and took a seat. "I reckon we had better take a ride up toward the fort when we leave here to-morrow. It strikes me that we'll meet with something in the way of excitement. Captain Smith is a pretty wise man, and he's very good at guessing, so I've heard. By the way he talked just now, there will certainly be an Apache outbreak. I reckon we'll have to take part in subduing them. I have heard of the old medicine man they call Crooked Hoof before, but I have never seen him. I reckon I won't be satisfied until I have had an interview with him."

"I knew you were going to say something like that, Wild," Arietta spoke up, when she saw how pleased Charlie and Jim were at what the young deadshot said. "I suppose you will want to leave us girls here at the hotel while you go off and fight Indians."

"No, that isn't my intention at all, Et," the boy answered, quickly. "When we leave here we'll all go together, just the same as we always do. If it happens that we get among a lot of hostile redskins we'll manage to fight our way through, I reckon. We always have done it, anyhow."

"Good!" exclaimed Young Wild West's sweetheart, clapping her hands. "That just suits me."

It might have partly suited Anna and Eloise, too, but they

surely were not as pleased about the prospect of getting into trouble with redskins as Arietta was.

The young deadshot looked at his watch, and finding that it still lacked twenty minutes before the dinner would be ready, he nodded to Charlie and Jim and said:

"I reckon I'll go into the barroom and pick up what news there is to be heard. We haven't been there yet, you know, boys."

"And we'll stay right here until the dinner bell rings," Arietta called out, as the three turned to go away.

"That's right; we'll join you, and we'll all go into the dining room together."

As the three entered the low-ceilinged barroom they saw that about a dozen men, mostly cowboys, were gathered there.

Leaning against the little bar in a corner of the big room and smiling serenely was Hop Wah, very often called Young Wild West's clever Chinese, because he was a sleight-of-hand performer of no mean ability, and a practical joker.

Hop was relating some kind of a story about a wonderful uncle of his who lived in the realms of the Flowery Kingdom.

The cowboy and others were listening, most of them grinning broadly, for if there was nothing new about the story itself, there was surely something that appealed to their humor in the way it was told.

"What's that you're talkin' about, heathen?" Cheyenne Charlie called out, as he hurried up to the Chinaman and acted as if he was angry about something. "Ain't I told you about forty times that you ain't got no uncle in China? Your own brother says you ain't, an' that settles it."

"My blother Wing allee samee no lember, Misler Charlie," Hop retorted, shaking his head and smiling blandly. "He velly muchee fool Chinese. Me allee samee smartee Chinese."

"Say, pard," a big cowboy said, slapping his hand upon the scout's shoulder with a great deal of familiarity, "this heathen has said two or three times that he's a very smart Chinese. But none of us ain't seen where the smartness comes in yet."

"Why don't you ask him to show yer how smart he is, then?" Charlie retorted, as he pulled himself away from the man, not liking the way he had approached him.

"I thought maybe as how you could do it. You seem to know him a whole lot. He must be a friend of yours."

"I reckon he is, an' a mighty good friend, too. That heathen standin' right there, even though he's an awful liar, saved my life two or three times, an' I ain't never forgot him for it."

"Saved your life, eh? Maybe you wasn't able to save it yourself, so you had to git a heathen to do it for yer."

There was something of a sneering way in the cowboy's manner, and Charlie did not fail to notice it.

Always impetuous and forever acting before he had a chance to think, the scout bristled up instantly.

"See here, you sneakin' coyote!" he cried, his eyes flashing, "maybe you think I ain't able to take care of myself. I wasn't meanin' that I had a chance to save my own life an' let the heathen do it for me without doin' it myself."

"I don't care what you was meanin'," came the retort.

The cowboy had been drinking a little too much, and undoubtedly he would have been all right if this had not been the case.

But like a great many others, liquor made him impertinent.

Wild had sized him up quickly, and his conclusion was that the fellow was all right, and that it was best to avoid trouble.

"See here, Charlie," he said, stepping between the two, "this man has just come in from the cattle range, I suppose, and he has been having a good time. He didn't mean anything by taking hold of you as he did just now. There's no need of getting mad about it."

"What have you got to say about it, kid?" the cowboy asked, sharply, as he thrust his face close to the boy's and looked at him as if he meant to eat him.

"You have already heard what I had to say about it. But if you want me to say anything more I'll be glad to do it," was the quick retort.

Even then Wild had not changed his opinion one bit about the man.

He still thought he was a good, honest fellow, and that it was the liquor that was talking and not his own mind.

But should the man go too far he felt it his duty to give him a lesson.

"Go on and say something more, then, kid. I want you to understand that I'm the strongest man what ever worked at the Two Bar Ranch. My name is Bill Flounder, an' I'm knowed far an' near. I'm the best natured galoot what ever



lived, an' it takes a lot to rile me. But when I do git riled look out."

"All right, Bill," and the boy actually smiled and nodded. "I hope you don't get riled now, then, because it's altogether too warm to have a tussle."

"A tussle, eh?" and Bill Flounder gave vent to a laugh and turned to those standing about. "What do you think of that, boys? The kid says it's too warm to have a tussle. As if he would do any tusslin' if I got at him once. Why, I could pick him up jest as if he was a shed shoat an' chuck him through the window."

"I'll bet you ten dollars you can't pick him up at all," cried Cheyenne Charlie, as he quickly flashed a ten-dollar gold piece.

Wild shot a glance at the scout which meant for him to keep still, but Charlie either did not see it or did not pay any attention.

The big cowboy showed some little surprise, and then quickly dove down into his trousers pocket.

He drew forth a handful of money and quickly counted out ten dollars.

"Put your money up," he cried, shaking a finger at the scout. "I mean business, so I'm callin' your bluff."

"There ain't no bluff about it," was the reply. "There's the ten dollars. Now, then, let the boss of the joint hold it. If you pick Young Wild West up you win. If you don't you lose."

"Who was sayin' anything about Young Wild West?" Bill Flounder asked, a startled look showing in his eyes.

"That's the kid you was talkin' to jest now. Go ahead an' pick him up an' chuck him out of the window jest as if he was a shoat. Go on, you sneakin' coyote, let's see you do it."

"Why, I—er—didn't know he was Young Wild West."

"Serves yer right for not knowin' it, then. But go ahead, or I'll claim the money."

All eyes were turned upon our hero now, and the majority of those present were looking at him in admiration.

Hop Wah stood by grinning to show how pleased he felt, while a look of triumph shone upon the scout's face.

"So you're Young Wild West, eh?" Bill Flounder asked, after a short silence, as he looked at the boy keenly.

"Yes, that's who I happen to be, Bill."

"I didn't know it when I was talkin' to yer jest now, or maybe I wouldn't have said so much."

"That's all right. I knew from the start that you were a pretty good fellow. But since you have started out you may as well go through. Just see if you can pick me up. I'll give you a chance to throw me out of the window if you do."

"Do yer mean that?"

"I certainly do."

"All right, then. I'm goin' to try mighty hard. But I know that you ain't to be handled very easy, 'cause I've heard somewhat about yer. One thing you kin make up your mind to, I ain't goin' to hurt yer."

"Not much you won't, Bill."

This somewhat nettled the big cowboy, for the sarcasm the boy showed was observed by all.

"I'm comin' for yer," he shouted, suddenly, and then before the words had scarcely left his lips he made a dive for the young deadshot.

But Wild was ready for him.

He leaped nimbly aside, and while the big fellow was grasping at the empty air, he caught him by the ankle with his left hand and swung his right about the small of his back.

A quick jerk upward, and Bill Flounder went upward, resting upon the boy's shoulder at full length, his arms and legs flying about in an effort to keep from falling.

There was an open window close at hand, and without the least hesitation Young Wild West darted for it and fung the man squarely through, landing him upon his hands and knees upon the porch outside.

## CHAPTER II.

### WILD APPOINTS HOP TO TRY AND LEARN SOMETHING.

Even though he realized that he had made a mistake when he found it was Young Wild West he was dealing with, Bill Flounder, the burly cowboy, must have been terribly surprised when he was so easily hurled through the window.

He landed upon all fours, and thus escaped being injured.

But it gave him a good shaking up, just the same, and it was a few seconds before he had got upon his feet and started to return to the hotel barroom.

When he did go to the door Young Wild West stood there, a smile upon his youthful face.

"Well, Bill," the young deadshot said, coolly, "how do you feel now?"

"Not half as rantankerous as I did a little while ago," was the meek retort. "Say, there ain't an awful lot of you, but my! you're all there when you take hold of a feller. I'm a putty heavy galoot, I am, but you chucked me out of that window jest as easy as if I'd been a shoat that wasn't big enough to kill."

"That's all right, Bill. I'm glad you're not feeling mad about it. I didn't want to hurt you."

"Oh, I ain't feelin' a bit mad, Young Wild West. I sorter knowed I had a putty hard proposition when I heard someone say your name was Young Wild West. I reckon I don't want nothin' to do with that pard of yours, either. Most likely he's learned some of your tricks. I ain't the man what makes trouble no matter where I goes. As you said, I reckon I must have been drinkin' a little too much, an' I sorter got reckless. But it's all right. I lose the ten dollars, an' I'm goin' to see if I ain't got enough to stand treat for the whole crowd. That's the kind of a hairpin I am."

Wild was well satisfied that the man meant exactly what he said.

He was not tryin' to conceal any ill feelings he might have had, that was certain.

The boy took him by the arm and led him to the bar, and then nodding to the man in charge said:

"Now, then, I reckon you're holding twenty dollars. Just hand it to me, please."

"All right, Young Wild West," was the quick reply. "If you say so I'll do it."

"Give it to him, boss," Cheyenne Charlie spoke up, a broad grin on his face. "I reckon Wild wins the money, even though he didn't make no bet."

The twenty dollars was handed over, and the young deadshot quickly gave the scout back the ten dollar gold piece he had put up and returned the other half to the cowboy.

"I don't want this," Bill Flounder declared, shaking his head. "I lost it square enough, an' I reckon it might jest as well go that way as any other."

"That's all right. The bet's a draw. You take the money."

"If yer mean it, I s'pose I may as well take it."

"I do mean it."

"All right, then, I'm much obliged to yer, and say," and he turned to the scout and extended his hand as he did so, "if you're willin' to let it drop, I am."

"Oh, I'm sartinly willin' enough," Charlie answered, good-naturedly, for he had quickly got over his anger.

Then the two shook hands, and that settled it.

Bill Flounder then brought the gold-piece he was holding in his hand heavily upon the bar and called out to the bartender.

"Everybody's goin' to have somethin', an' I'm goin' to pay for it. If that ain't enough to settle the bill I reckon I kin feel down in my pocket an' find the rest."

"Hold on, Bill," called out the young deadshot, holding up his finger warningly, "you put that money in your pocket. We are all going to have a smoke now, though I'll keep mine until after I've eaten something. No drinks about it. I don't drink anything strong myself, and I want everybody to do as I do this time. After that they can do as they please."

The cowboy looked somewhat astonished, but he was not long in putting money back into his pocket, and then taking off his hat, he waved it over his head and shouted:

"Three cheers for Young Wild West, boys. Everybody jine in."

It was certainly a rousing cheer that the young deadshot received, for even Cheyenne Charlie, Jim Dart and Hop Wah joined in giving it.

But the boy was so used to receiving ovations of that sort that he only smiled.

The boss of the hotel came in just then, and wanted to know what it was all about.

Somebody explained briefly, and then he stopped the bartender as he was about to hand out a box of cigars.

"Git that other box in the little closet under the desk," he said. "It's the last I've got of the best cigars that was ever sold in this here camp. Pass 'em around an' let the boys have one good smoke, if they never git another, an' it's goin' to be on the house, too."

"Rather surprising that a fellow can't spend his money when he wants to, isn't it, Bill?" Wild said, laughingly, as he turned to the big cowboy.

"I should say it was, Young Wild West," was the reply. "But it won't last very long. Dave Juniper knows putty well



that he ain't losin' nothin' by treatin' to his best cigars this time."

The proprietor laughed good-naturedly, and then passed the box of cigars around himself, seeing to it that each man got one.

Not one present refused, so no drinks were served at all.

Wild and his partners put their cigars in their pockets, for they were expecting to hear the dinner bell ring at any minute.

But the young deadshot felt that he ought to treat, and knowing that the majority of the men preferred something strong, he did not choose to dictate to them what they should take.

"Come on, boys," he said. "Take what you like. I've made up my mind to treat before dinner. You have got to hurry up, too, or it will be too late."

Then another cheer sounded, and the men crowded to the little bar.

When they had all received what they called for, Wild paid the bill, and just then the call for dinner sounded.

Captain Smith, of the 13th Cavalry, had been a rather long time in making his preparations, and the young deadshot and his partners were entering the dining-room with the girls when he made his appearance.

"You'll have to excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," he said, bowing politely. "But I found that I was compelled to make a few little changes in my wearing apparel, and it took me longer than I supposed."

They were all willing to excuse him, as might be supposed, and soon they were seated together at a table in the rather spacious dining-room that the hotel afforded.

"Well, captain," Wild said, as he nodded to the officer, "we were in the barroom a little while ago, but we saw nothing of any redskins."

"Oh, there wouldn't be any hanging around just now, not if they knew I was here," was the reply. "But you can believe that there are a few about the camp somewhere. Did you hear anything said about the Indians at all while you were there?"

"Not a word. We didn't have time, for there was a big cowboy there who wanted to do all the talking. He got Charlie a little angry right away, and then there was quite a rumpus. But it turned out all right, and I reckon no one got hurt."

"What was all the trouble, anyhow, Wild?" Arietta asked, looking sharply at her young lover. "We heard a scuffling of feet, and it sounded as if someone fell upon the porch."

"I reckon someone did fall there, too, Arietta," the scout spoke up, with a grin. "Wild chuckled a feller what weighs somewhere around two hundred pounds through the window."

"At it again, Wild?" and the girl shook her finger at Wild. "It's a wonder I didn't hear a shot fired."

"There was no occasion for anything like that, little girl," and the young deadshot looked at her laughingly. "The man I threw out of the window was not of the sort who feels like shooting. If he had tried to pull a gun I might have fired a shot to prevent him from shooting at me. But he didn't. He took it good-naturedly. He's one out of a hundred, but I will say that I've met a few just like him in my time."

"I heard the sounds of a rumpus, too," the captain spoke up. "So you threw a fellow out of a window, eh?"

"Well, it was an easy thing to do it, for he gave me all the chance in the world to get hold of him in the right fashion. It doesn't take much to lift a man, even if he does weigh two hundred pounds, if you get hold of him in the right way. All I had to do was to simply carry him quickly to the window and then let go of him. He went out of his own accord."

"I should have liked to have seen that trick performed."

"Oh, there was nothing much to do, captain. But I'm glad it turned out all right. The fellow was getting angry, and so was Charlie, and I thought I'd better interfere and stop it. But then I found that I was getting into trouble myself, and when the cowboy wagered ten dollars that he could pick me up and throw me out of the window I thought I had better do it. He took water when he found out who I was, but I told him to go ahead and try it, and he did."

"And instead of his throwing you out of the window you threw him out, is that it?"

"That's just it, captain."

"Well, that beats me. You're certainly a wonderful boy, Young Wild West."

"Don't say that, please. I've often looked at myself in a glass when I was combing my hair, and I could never understand why there could be anything more wonderful about

me than any other boy. It may be because I let my hair grow long."

"No, it isn't that, you can be sure. Maybe you have an idea why people will occasionally call you wonderful, but don't like to tell it."

"Well, the only idea I have is that I'm always on the watch to take care of myself, whether it is for fun or for fair. That means a whole lot, Captain Smith, for if a fellow is ready to do a thing he can generally do it all right, or if he's ready to stop something being done to him, he has much better chance than if he's not."

"Your explanation satisfies me," and so saying the captain fell to eating.

As was usually the case, our friends got a very good meal, for the hotels at the mining camps and settlements they stopped at so often usually set up a good bill-of-fare, even though it was not of a fancy sort.

A lively conversation was kept up during the meal, and other patrons of the hotel in the room listened and occasionally laughed when some witty remark was made by someone in the party.

But there was no interference from anyone, and at length they all arose and left the table.

"Where are your two Chinamen?" Captain Smith asked, as they were going out upon the porch.

"Oh, they never eat at the same table with us when we are at a hotel. I suppose they have been put in the kitchen or some other room in the house."

"I should like to see that clever Chinnee of yours perform a trick or two. I remember of watching him once before, and he certainly amazed me by his cleverness."

"If he has finished his dinner you will be pretty sure to find him in the barroom, captain. Suppose we go in. I want to smoke just now, and that is just as good a place to do it as anywhere else. I'm sure the girls won't object to us leaving them."

This caused Arietta, Anna and Eloise to smile, for the remark, while it did not seem out of place to them, sounded a little strange, since they knew pretty well that the young deadshot had no idea that they would raise any objections.

When they entered the big barroom of the hotel they found it pretty well filled with thirsty customers, for the miners working near at hand had come in, and many of them had lingered there before going to get their noonday meal, while a few might have eaten already and had stopped there on their way back.

It must have been that someone had taken pains to tell about what had happened just before dinner-time, for the instant the young deadshot and his partners came in all eyes were turned upon them.

Bill Flounder had gone out, but some of his friends were there, and when one of the latter proposed a cheer for the young deadshot the rest joined in, even though they had never seen him before.

They wanted to shake hands, and Wild good-naturedly permitted them to do so.

It was while this was going on that Hop Wah came in through the door that opened to the rear of the building.

There was a broad grin on the Chinaman's face, and he promptly slipped around and went to the bar.

When Wild saw him take a bottle from under his blouse and put it upon the bar he at once stepped forward.

"Me wantee allee samee quart of tanglefoot," Hop said, nodding to the clerk in charge.

"What are you going to do with that, Hop?" Wild asked.

"Lat you, Misler Wild?" the Chinaman said, turning and shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes, I reckon it is. What are you buying liquor for now? You are not ready to go away yet. I wouldn't be surprised if I caught you doing it just before we were leaving the place."

"Lat allee light, Misler Wild. Um ledskin wantee me gittee um tanglefoot. Me feelee velly muchee solly for um ledskin, 'cause he no buy tanglefoot. Le no sellee to him."

"Oh, you're buying it for a redskin, are you? Don't you know that is wrong?"

"Lat allee light, Misler Wild. Um ledskin likee tanglefoot allee samee Melican man."

"All right, Hop. I am not going to stop you. But see here."

"Whatee lat, Misler Wild," and Hop leaned forward eagerly, to show how well he wanted to do a favor for the boy.

"If you're on such good terms with an Indian that you are buying whisky for him, perhaps you might get some information from him."

"Allee light, Misler Wild. Whatee you wantee?"



"You try and find out if he knows anything about the Apaches starting on the parpath. I happen to know that they are likely to do it at any time. This fellow is an Apache, I suppose."

"Lat light, Misler Wild. He velly bad ledskin, too, so be. Lookkee velly muchee ugly. Gottfee plenty scars on um face and hands."

"All right, you talk to him, and let me know a little later what you find out."

Hop was more than pleased, and after getting the bottle filled he paid for it and quickly left the room.

"Now, then, captain," the young deadshot said, as he walked over to where the cavalryman was standing with Charlie and Jim, "I reckon we'll be able to learn something. I have got our clever Chinnee working on the case. He purchased a bottle of whisky for a redskin. I might have prevented him from doing it if I hadn't been struck with the idea that possibly he might be able to learn something that would be of some value to you."

"I don't blame you one bit, Young Wild West," was the reply. "We'll wait and see if he learns anything."

### CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN SMITH AND THE COWBOY ARE CAUGHT BY APACHES.

When Hop Wah came in to buy the liquor for the Indian he was planning to play a practical joke.

It was true that a dirty looking Apache had accosted him near the hotel stables as the Chinaman was going to look at the horses, and when he was asked to buy the whisky Hop readily assented.

The chances are that if Young Wild West had not interfered Hop might have doctored the contents of the bottle with red pepper or something worse, and thus had a chance to laugh when the redskin swallowed some of the mixture.

But his mind had changed instantly, and he simply went on out with the bottle, just as it had been filled by the man behind the bar.

The Apache had a horse in waiting behind the shed, and when he saw the Chinaman approaching he showed great eagerness.

"Chinee get the fire-water?" he asked.

"Waitee minute, so be," Hop retorted, as he walked to the shed with him. "Where you takee um tanglefoot?"

"Injun got sick squaw. Want fire-water for her."

"Allee light. Tanglefoot allee samee velly goodee medicine, so be. Makee ledskin squaw gittee well velly muchee quicke."

"Give me fire-water," the Apache said, impatiently.

"Maybe you wantee gittee slunk and scalp palefaces, so be," Hop suggested, smiling blandly at him.

"Ugh!" and the redskin's face became distorted with passion immediately. "Kill heap much palefaces pretty soon. Take plenty scalps."

That was all Hop wanted to know, so he promptly handed him the bottle of whisky, smiling as he did so and apparently not paying any attention to what had been told him.

The brave paused long enough to remove the cork and take a couple of swallows.

Then he ran around to the back of the shed, bottle in hand, and mounting his pony rode hurriedly away.

Hop did not wait an instant.

Back he went to the hotel, and finding Wild waiting with his two partners and the cavalry captain, he at once called the boy aside.

"Misler Wild," he said, hurriedly, "um ledskins allee samee takee plenty scalps, so be. He say pletty soonee makee muchee fight with um palefaces."

"He did, eh? Where is he?" the boy asked.

"He hide away velly muchee fast, so be."

"All right, I reckon I'll ride after him and see where he goes with that bottle of whisky."

The young deadshot hurriedly went outside, and ran toward the place where the horses had been put away.

Hop followed him and assisted him to get the saddle and bridle on Spitfire, the young deadshot's sorrel stallion that had carried him safely through many perilous adventures.

Hop pointed out the way the Indian had gone, and leaving his partners and the captain, who had reached the scene by this time, where they were, Wild mounted and rode off behind the shed, toward a rather high, sandy ridge a short distance away.

Hop had noticed that the Indian rode straight for the ridge, but he did not have to tell Wild this, for the boy could see the fresh hoofprints readily.

The young deadshot knew that the Indian must have had sufficient time to get to the other side of the ridge, so it was not strange that he should see nothing of him.

He reached the ridge in a few seconds, and as he was mounting it he came in sight of the brave just as he was bringing his horse to a halt near a bunch of prickly bushes that grew upon the sandy stretch.

The boy instantly reined in the sorrel and dismounted, for he saw other Indians approaching on horseback.

There were six of them, and they all rode up and joined the brave who had succeeded in obtaining the quart of whisky.

When Wild saw that they were all armed and that there were as many as four rifles among them, he made up his mind right away that they must belong to the band that old Crooked Hoof, the Apache medicine man, was getting together.

"I reckon Captain Smith made no mistake in thinking there was going to be an outbreak," he thought, as he watched the redskins as they took turns at tilting the bottle to their lips. "There must be more of them close by, but they fear to come too close to the mining camp. This bunch no doubt decided to have some fire-water, and they rode up as close as they thought it advisable and then permitted one of their number to come on and try to get it. He succeeded nicely, and I am glad he did, for now I know something of what is going on. There is no need of going any closer to them, I suppose, so I'll ride back and we'll make up our minds what is best to do."

The boy turned to his horse, and leading him down the other side of the ridge, mounted and rode slowly back to the hotel.

He saw his partners and the cavalry captain waiting for him, and when he brought his horse to a halt near them they all showed their eagerness to learn what he had discovered.

"Well, captain," Wild said, in his cool and easy way, as he nodded to the cavalryman, "I reckon it won't be very long before the Indians will be on the warpath for fair. I followed the fellow our Chinaman got the whisky for, and saw him meet six others, who are well armed, three of them having rifles. I left them over there near a patch of shrubbery emptying the bottle. That means that there are more of them somewhere close by."

"It certainly does, Wild," Smith retorted with a shrug of the shoulders. "I suppose bunches of them are scouting about, looking for what information they can get, and picking up anything in the way of plunder they may come upon. I must ride back to the fort right away. I can get there inside of three hours, I think."

"You're going alone, then?"

"Yes, I came that way, and I suppose I can go back the same."

"You had better get a man or two to go with you. We'll give you a little start and follow on behind, so if anything happens on the way we'll be on hand."

"You mean to leave Big Hit to-day, then?"

"We might just as well. There is nothing to keep us here."

"Why not go with me, then?"

"Well, it's just this way," Captain Smith. If there are Indians hiding about in the vicinity, which undoubtedly is the case, they probably have seen you ride over here from the fort. That means that they'll be on the watch for you when you go back."

"Yes, I can see that much."

"Well, if a number of us were to go with you they might not show themselves. But if you had but one man with you it would be different. Suppose you find a cowboy who will be willing to ride back to the fort with you. Then you can leave at once, and in an hour from now we'll set out. We can easily make the distance to the fort before sunset."

"Oh, yes, you can do it inside of that time. Well, I am going to take your advice."

"I am not exactly advising you to do this, captain. I merely suggested it."

"Well, I consider it a good suggestion, and I'll act upon it."

"Very well. Don't delay any. If I am not mistaken, the seven redskins I just saw will follow you. I shall be on the watch, and if they do I'll follow them with Charlie and let Jim come on with the girls."

"You will leave sooner than you first thought of doing?"

"Yes, in case the redskins follow you."

"Very well. We'll try it that way. But I must reach the fort as soon as possible, so we can get out two detachments to go in different directions to round up the Apaches, should they really be on the warpath."

They went around to the front of the hotel, and the first



man that Wild's eyes rested upon was Bill Flounder, the big fellow he had thrown through the window before dinner.

"That fellow would be a good one to go with you, captain," the boy said, pointing him out.

"He would suit me all right, I'm sure," was the reply. "I wonder if he'll go?"

"I think he will. Wait, I'll ask him."

But the big cowboy had already noticed that they were talking about him, and he promptly stepped forward.

"Anything I can do for yer, Young Wild West?" he asked.

"Yes, there's something you can do if you can spare the time. When have you got to go back to your work?"

"Not till to-morrow afternoon. I ain't spent half my money yet, you know."

"You'll be just the man, then, and you'll save your money, too."

"Tell me what you want me to do, Young Wild West. I'll do it even if you want me to quit drinkin' for the rest of the day."

"Well, I reckon you'll quit for a while if you do what I want you to."

"All right, I'm ready."

"Have you ever heard anything about the Apaches being ready to start trouble?"

"I heard somewhat about it the other day, but I never took no stock in it. Somebody on the range was sayin' that old Crooked Hoof, the medicine man, was holdin' meetin's around an' drawin' big crowds to 'em. That sorter looks as though there was goin' to be trouble putty soon. But it ain't worryin' me none."

"Well, this is Captain Smith, who belongs at the fort, as you know. I want someone to ride back to the fort with him, for it may be that some bad redskins will be met on the way, and he'll need assistance. He must get to the fort as quickly as possible, you know. Will you go with him?"

"You kin bet your life I will, an' only be too glad to do it. Jest wait till I git my horse."

"I knew he would go, captain," the young deadshot said, with a smile, as he turned to the cavalryman. "I have an idea that he's all right, too. He'll put up a fight as good as any man you could possibly get to go with you."

"I think so, Wild," and the captain shrugged his shoulders. "But I hope there is no fighting to be done, for if this thing can be broken up before the redskins have spilled any blood it will be so much the better."

"Probably you have delayed it a little too long already."

"It looks that way to me. But you see the information was held back so long that we had no chance."

The captain got his horse ready, and by the time he had done so Bill Flounder came riding around to the front of the shanty hotel on a tough-looking cayuse.

"Ready, captain?" he asked, as he took a look at the open doorway of the barroom.

"Yes."

"Can't I git another drink afore we go?"

"Do you think you need it?"

"No, I reckon I don't. Come on," and then he started his horse at a gallop.

"We'll be on hand if anything happens," were Young Wild West's parting words, as the captain rode away after the cowboy.

As he rode along the cavalryman did not think it was very serious, even though Young Wild West had seen half a dozen armed Indians who seemed to be afraid to approach the mining camp.

But he kept a pretty sharp watch, however, and kept along with the cowboy, who seemed to have a horse that was tireless.

They covered five miles in quick time, and then as they were riding down a slope toward the almost dry river that lay a mile away the same party of Apaches Young Wild West had seen suddenly appeared riding from the right.

"Well, Bill," the captain said, as he nodded to his companion, "I suppose we had better keep a pretty sharp eye on those fellows. They are probably the same ones Young Wild West saw."

"Maybe they are, an' maybe they ain't, captain," was the reply. "There's lots of redskins ridin' around sometimes, you know."

"But if you have noticed, three of them have rifles or carbines."

"Yes, I noticed that. They may be the same ones, but I hardly think they'll be lookin' for trouble. If they are my gun will do some barkin', an' don't you forgit it."

The two had nearly reached the river when the Indians came up, appearing to be as friendly as usual.

They were really the ones Wild had spied upon, and the taste of whisky they got from the bottle Hop had provided them with had merely given them an appetite for more.

"Ugh!" said one of them, who appeared to be the leader, as he brought his horse to a halt and bowed to the two riders.

"Where palefaces go?"

"We're goin' over to the fort, redskin," Bill Flounder answered, quickly, not looking very pleasantly at the speaker.

"Ugh! You go to get plenty soldiers to shoot the Apaches."

"The soldiers don't want to shoot the Apaches. What do you mean by saying that?" Captain Smith spoke up, looking at the fellow sharply.

"The paleface soldiers don't like the Apaches. They want to drive them to the desert."

"The soldiers won't bother the Apaches if they behave themselves," the captain retorted, now feeling sure that the redskins meant to be hostile.

"Injuns want tobacco," another of the party spoke up.

"I haven't any tobacco with me."

"I've got a little, but I'm goin' to keep it," spoke up the cowboy, who was getting ready for fight.

"Give Injuns tobacco," protested the Apache, who happened to be one of those who was possessed of a rifle.

"I ain't got no more than what I want myself, redskin, so you don't git none," and Bill started his horse forward to ride on.

Then it was that the redskins showed their hands.

Almost instantly the two men were covered by rifles, and the one who seemed to be the leader gave vent to a guttural exclamation of delight, and then called out mockingly:

"The braves of Crooked Hoof are on the warpath. They will scalp all the palefaces they can find. Crooked Hoof wants the paleface soldier, so he can talk to him."

Captain Smith and the cowboy had been covered so quickly that they really had no chance for their lives.

They now understood thoroughly that if they attempted to ride away they would be shot, so the only thing to do was to submit and take their chances of getting away later on.

The redskins quickly produced pieces of rope, and dismounting ran quickly to the horses of the two men and proceeded to tie their hands securely behind their backs.

The captain shot an anxious glance in the direction they had come, but he could not see very far along the trail, since several hills close at hand hid it from view.

Elated at the capture they had made, the redskins went through the pockets of the prisoners and took from them everything they thought was of the least value.

The cowboy did considerable raving while this was in progress, but it was no use.

He had to submit, for every now and then he would be pricked by the sharp point of a knife, or have the muzzle of a rifle or revolver thrust in his face threateningly.

The captain was very cool, however, and took it all just as if he had resigned himself to his fate.

It happened that Bill had a bigger supply of tobacco than he had told them, so they were all soon making use of it.

The prisoners' ankles were tied together under their horses, so they could not slip from the saddle and attempt to make their escape with their hands bound, and then the redskins mounted and they were hurried along toward the southeast, where there was quite a growth of green foliage to be seen, with bare cliffs and hills rearing themselves behind it.

The Indians were in a hurry, it seemed, for they kept up a hot pace, and after riding about six miles they entered the mouth of a gully that ran in zig-zag fashion between the rocky hills.

A few minutes later they came in sight of an Indian camp, and when the prisoners saw it they were both surprised, for they had not thought it possible that a band of hostile Indians would come so close to the mining camp and fort.

As they were conducted to the camp Captain Smith took in all he could see, and when he noticed that there were as many as two score of tepees he judged right away that it must be the camp of no less a personage than Crooked Hoof, the medicine man, himself.

But there were not more than twenty or thirty Indians to be seen.

Their faces were daubed plentifully with paint, however, and this was plain enough to both the cavalryman and the cowboy that they had really started on the warpath.

This being the case, the two were certainly in a rather bad predicament.



## CHAPTER IV.

## WILD FREES THE CAPTIVES.

Young Wild West was well satisfied that there was going to be trouble started by the redskins, and Captain Smith and the cowboy had scarcely left the mining camp when he turned to his partners and said:

"Now, then, boys, I reckon there's nothing to keep us here, anyhow, so we'll start out at once. Charlie you can go with me right now, and Jim can see to it that everything is got in readiness and can follow with the girls and the two Chinamen. Come on. We'll ride over to where I saw the seven Apaches enjoying the bottle of whisky. We'll take their trail if they've left, instead of following directly after the captain and Bill Flounder."

"Right yer are, Wild. I'm jest itchin' to git to doin' somethin'. If there's redskins lookin' for fight, you kin bet your life I'll give 'em all they want of it afore I git through with 'em. Whoopee!"

He let out a yell which attracted the attention of several outside and inside the barroom.

But Wild and Charlie paid no attention to anyone, and promptly went into the hotel with Jim, so they might tell the girls what they intended to do.

The girls were much surprised when they heard that they were going to leave Big Hit so soon and set out for Fort Defiance.

But they were ready and willing to go, so after instructing Jim to take the trail of the two who had left a short time before, the young deadshot, followed by the scout, left the house and went direct to where their horses were stabled.

Their bill with the hotel-keeper had already been settled, so there was nothing to call them inside again.

It did not take Wild and Charlie long to mount and ride away, and in a very short time they reached the spot where the Indians had partaken of the whisky.

The empty bottle lay upon the ground, and when he saw it the scout gave a chuckle and said:

"I reckon there wasn't enough to make 'em drunk, Wild. They couldn't have had a whole lot of money, or they would have bought a gallon or two instead of only a quart."

"They've had sufficient to make them ugly, Charlie," was the reply. "Now, then, we'll just follow their trail. If it happens that they haven't turned toward the regular trail that leads to the fort, I'll consider that I may be mistaken, after all, though I am confident if they haven't already started on the warpath they mean to do so."

Charlie gave a nod, and the two took the trail and rode along over the sandy waste at a gallop.

The trail led them off toward the southeast for a couple of miles.

Then it gradually changed a little to the left, and it was not long before Young Wild West turned to his partner and said:

"Well, Charlie, they're heading directly for the trail to the fort. That means something, I'm sure."

"Do you s'pose they could have been watchin' when the captain an' that big feller rode off?"

"More than likely. It's a pretty sure thing that they knew Captain Smith came here, and it would be easy for them to guess that he was looking for information concerning the Apaches."

"I s'pose you're right, though I don't see why they would think anything like that."

"Well, even if they don't think anything like that, Charlie, if they have made up their minds to start on the warpath and wipe out all the palefaces they can get a chance at, they'll certainly go for a cavalryman when they know there's a chance to get him easily. They hate soldiers more than they do anyone else."

"Unless it might be fellers like us, Wild," and the scout gave a chuckle."

They kept on over the plain trail, and mile after mile was covered.

At length they came to the identical spot where the redskins had halted upon meeting Captain Smith and the cowboy.

The instant they saw that a halt had been made there Wild and Charlie dismounted and began examining the tracks upon the ground.

In less than half a minute they discovered the hoofprints of other horses, and then a quick examination showed them just about what had happened, and they knew almost as much as if they had been witnesses to what occurred there.

"Now, you see, Charlie," Wild said, nodding his head to his companion, "the seven Apaches have got Captain Smith and the cowboy. I say that because I think it. They found the way they went. You might think that possibly they were friendly and all rode off together, but I don't think that way."

"I'm thinkin' the same way you do, Wild," Charlie declared, for he was always ready to agree with anything the young deadshot said or suggested.

"Well," and the young deadshot looked back upon the trail, "this is the way Jim and the girls will come, so we had better fix it so they will understand about what has happened, and that we are following the redskins."

"We kin do that easy enough, can't we, Wild?"

"I reckon we can, Charlie. But I may as well write a note, and then they'll know all about it."

"That's so. It ain't likely anybody else would come along an' take the note."

The young deadshot found a notebook in one of his pockets, and with a pencil quickly wrote the following upon one of the pages:

"We have got on the trail of the redskins. It looks as though they have got Captain Smith and the cowboy, and are taking them to a camp somewhere. WILD."

"There you are," he said, as he tore the page from the book and handed it to Charlie to read. "I reckon that will be enough."

"It sartainly will," was the reply, with a nod of the head. "Where are you goin' to put it, Wild?"

"I'll fix that all right. I suppose you have an extra handkerchief with you. You generally use bandanas, I know."

"Yes, I've got one that ain't never been used yet."

"Well, the one you have used will do. It makes no difference."

Charlie quickly furnished him with a red cotton handkerchief, and Wild knotted one end of it about the note and then fastened it to a rock so anyone passing could hardly miss seeing it.

This done, he mounted Spitfire, and with a nod to the scout, started along the trail the Indians had left when they went away with their two prisoners.

The two knew by the signs that they could not be very much behind the Apaches, so they kept their eyes open as they rode along.

But it seemed that they were just far enough in the rear to be unable to overtake the rascals before they reached the camp of the band that had set out to make war on the whites.

Luckily they came in sight of the camp before they were very close to it.

Then Young Wild West called a halt and both dismounted.

"I reckon things will be getting much warmer presently," the boy said, as he looked around for a convenient place to climb upon the rocks so he might have a good look at the scene ahead.

"You kin bet your life on that, Wild," and the scout tapped the butt of a revolver significantly.

The young deadshot was not long in mounting a few feet, and from the top of a rock he was able to see all over the Indian camp.

What he saw did not amount to a great deal, for everything seemed to be quiet there.

Only a few braves could be seen standing and sitting about. But as he took a closer look he discovered two forms tied to a tree that was close to the largest of the tepees.

This tepee was undoubtedly the quarters of the chief, or leader of the band, and Wild took it for granted that it must be there where Crooked Hoof, the medicine man was located.

He was just about to descend to the waiting scout when the Indians suddenly became very active.

They began running about, and then the young deadshot beckoned to his partner to come up and have a look.

When Charlie reached his side three of the Apaches were running about, pounding upon the rude drums they usually use when a dance of their tribe is in progress.

Presently a gorgeously-bedecked redskin came out of the largest tepee.

The feathered headgear he wore almost trailed upon the ground, and on the front of his head a pair of buffalo horns protruded, looking very much as if they actually belonged there.

"That's old Crooked Hoof, you kin bet," Charlie declared, nodding with satisfaction. "Looks as though he's gittin' ready to do somethin', Wild."



"That's right, Charlie. But he doesn't seem to be paying much attention to the two men tied to the tree."

"He's givin' orders, jest the same, an' the first thing we know they'll be pilin' dry brush around them two fellers an' settin' fire to it. Then they'll all jine in an' have a dance."

"You may be right, but since there don't seem to be more than twenty or thirty of them there, we ought to be able to free the captives. But wait a minute. Redskins are never in a hurry to dispose of their prisoners. Let's wait and see what they are up to."

The words were scarcely out of the boy's mouth when the Indians began jumping about, waving their hands and uttering their war-whoops.

Then as many as fifty mounted braves appeared at the left and came riding up in a triumphant sort of way.

There was a general parley when they dismounted, and the chief in his gorgeous array strutted about, talking to first one and then the other.

Presently he had them all lined up on two sides of him, and then he turned and gave orders to a couple of waiting braves, who at once ran away.

As nothing more than ordinary attention had been paid to the two men who were tied helplessly to the tree, Wild and Charlie wondered what would happen next.

They were not very long in waiting, for the two braves soon came back leading a rather curious looking animal.

"What in thunder do you call that, Wild?" the scout exclaimed, his eyes opening wide.

"If I am any judge of animals it is a bull, though I never saw one that color before," was the reply.

"No, nor I didn't, either. He's a yaller bull as sure as you're born."

"As yellow as it could possibly be, Charlie. But that isn't the real color of it. The redskins have painted it yellow."

"What do you s'pose they could have done that for?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But they've done it, that's certain. Probably old Crooked Hoof uses the bull to aid him in healing the sick and bringing about the desires of those who put faith in him. It's a yellow bull, all right, Charlie, and he's yellow enough. Let's move up closer so we can get a better view, and possibly hear something of what is being said. I reckon it's safe enough to take the risk. Anyhow, we must try and rescue the captain and the cowboy."

"It's too bad that other gang had to git there right now," the scout retorted, as he followed the boy down to where the two horses were standing. "We might have stood a putty good show to git 'em free, but there's about seventy-five there now, an' the two of us wouldn't stand a very good show with so many."

"Strategy, Charlie, remember that. We must do our work on the sly."

"Oh, yes, I know that. It ain't likely they'll be expectin' anyone has follered 'em. Most likely they think Captain Smith an' that big galoot of a cowboy was goin' all alone to Fort Defiance, an' that there was nobody else likely to foller 'em very soon."

"That's the way I take it, but come on now. We can ride up to within a hundred yards of the camp, I think. All we have got to do is to turn a little to the right and keep those high rocks ahead between us and the redskins."

The two mounted their horses and rode along, keeping them at a walk, for they did not want to run the risk of making any sounds that might be heard by the Indians.

While they had seen no guards stationed anywhere, there was no telling just when the old medicine man, if it was really Crooked Hoof, might take a notion to put out a line of sentries.

Straight to the rocks that shielded them from the view of the redskins the two rode.

The Apache camp was just about a quarter of a mile from the spot where they had climbed upon the rock to take a look at it, so when they reached the place where Wild decided to dismount they were scarcely two hundred yards from it, and could hear the guttural voices of the Indians quite plainly, even being able to catch some of the words, for both could understand considerable of the Apache lingo.

"I reckon we can't get any closer with the horses," Young Wild West observed, as he nodded to his partner. "We'll leave them here, and then climb up the rocks over there to the right. That will give us a chance to creep right up to within a few yards of the nearest of the tepees. It happens that the doings are over close to the old chief's tepee, and everyone will be looking that way."

They did not take the trouble to hobble their horses, but merely threw the bridle-reins over their heads.

Spitfire had never been known to leave a place where his young master left him, unless something happened to detain him longer than usual.

The scout's horse was well trained, too, so there would be no danger of his going away, either.

But the two never once thought of their horses leaving them, and they soon made their way to a place where the steep bank could easily be climbed, and quickly got to the top of it.

Then they found themselves looking down squarely upon the camp of the redskins.

The yellow bull had been tied to a small tree a few yards from the biggest of the tepees, and around it the whole band of redskins was gathered, while the leader, resplendent in his gay-feathered headdress and buffalo horns, was making an address.

The two men tied to the tree were not within the circle, and this encouraged our two friends greatly.

"Come on, Charlie," Wild whispered, and then he began carefully making his way down to the level ground below.

The scout did not make a reply, but followed him noiselessly, and in this way they worked their way around until they were directly behind the tree to which the captives were bound.

But there was an open spot of easily a hundred feet lying between, and in order to reach them they must cross it.

This meant that they stood a very poor chance of not being seen by some of the Apaches, even though they might be greatly interested in what their chief was saying.

But the risk was worth taking.

Young Wild West was ever ready to take a risk, anyhow, and he knew that in all probability if Captain Smith and the cowboy were left there they would suffer death, if not right way some time later on.

Wild was anxious to rescue the captain, so he might proceed on his way to the fort and get a detachment of cavalry as quickly as possible.

"Well, Charlie," he said, in a very low tone of voice, "there's only one thing to do, and that is to try it. You stay right here, and hold my rifle in readiness. I am going to undertake to creep up to that tree and cut the two loose. If I can manage to do it all right I'll be perfectly satisfied, even though the redskins find it out before I get back. Here goes."

"Go right ahead, Wild. You kin bet your life I'll drop any redskin that starts to run after yer."

"Don't do that, Charlie," the boy hastened to say as he paused and shook his head. "Don't shoot unless you're sure it's to save my life or the lives of the prisoners. If you shoot one or two of them it will only make them more eager to catch us."

"Just as you say, Wild. I'm goin' to do what you want me to, an' nothin' else."

Now thoroughly satisfied that he could depend upon his partner, the dashing young deadshot crept out into the open and moved stealthily toward the tree.

Captain Smith and Bill Fletcher had been tied to the tree shortly after they were brought to the camp, which was really in command of Crooked Hoof.

The old medicine man had given orders to have them tied there himself, but had not paid much attention to them, nor had he given any orders as to their disposal.

They were much dejected, as might be supposed, and when the yellow bull was brought before the chief's tepee after the arrival of the fresh lot of redskins they thought surely that it meant that there was going to be a celebration before they were put to death.

The chief kept on talking, and some of his hearers grew excited and began to dance about, though they made no sounds that would drown his voice.

Wild was hoping that it would keep right on until he had accomplished his purpose, and slowly he neared the tree.

Luck was with him, it seemed, for he managed to get there.

Then without saying a word to the two captives who were watching the Indians, their faces pale no doubt with the thought that they would soon be put to death, he reached out with his knife and cut the rope that held the captain bound to the tree.

The cavalryman realized right away that something had happened, and he gave a violent start and looked behind him.

Seeing the young deadshot there, knife in hand, he quickly regained his composure, and then whispered to his companion to be silent.



Wild gave an approving nod, and then the other rope was severed.

Just then the old medicine man ceased his oration, and a dance started up.

But this was all to their advantage, it seemed, for the dancing braves did not even look toward the tree.

Wild quickly cut the ropes about their wrists, and then in a whisper exclaimed:

"Go straight back, and don't make any noise while you are at it."

But the two hardly needed to be told to do this.

They were so eager to make their escape that they at once started on a run, and they had not taken more than three or four steps when they were discovered by the Apaches.

A fiendish yell rang out almost instantly, and then a rush was made after them.

Wild knew right away that his work had virtually been for naught, but he was in for it now, so he began backing away from the spot, holding a revolver in his hand to keep back the Indians.

The liberated prisoners had nothing with which they might put up a fight, so they ran for their lives, and reached the spot where Cheyenne Charlie was crouching without a shot being fired by the redskins.

The action of the brave boy kept them back somewhat, but they were quick to gather themselves together, and then, with a yell that was more savage than any that had been uttered before, the whole band broke into a run, waving their weapons, and Wild was forced to turn and flee.

Crang!

The sharp report of a rifle rang out, and one of the foremost of his pursuers threw up his hands and fell to the ground.

Cheyenne Charlie had deemed it advisable to shoot, and his bullet had gone true to the mark.

## CHAPTER V.

### WILD AND CHARLIE GET OUT OF A TIGHT PLACE.

Young Wild West knew he was in a desperate plight.

But as none of the redskins offered to fire a shot at him, he did not attempt to use his revolver.

He had left his rifle with Charlie, and he expected every second to hear it being used.

Charlie did fire two more shots just as Wild was within a few feet of him, and more Indians went down.

Then the scout handed the boy his rifle and exclaimed:

"Come on. The captain an' Bill Flounder is leggin' it around to git to the horses. We might stand a show to git away."

But nearly a score of the Apaches were so close to them now that a spurt would have enabled them to grasp the two in a couple of seconds.

The ground was very rocky at that point, but Wild and Charlie stood just as good a chance as did the Indians, and when they found that they were among the rocks and partly obscured from view, their hopes went up.

The shots Charlie had fired seemed to have had good effect upon the redskins, for the moment they realized that the two were among the rocks they became a little cautious, and this enabled Wild and the scout to gain a little lead on them.

But before they got to the ledge of the bank below which their horses had been left they found themselves almost surrounded.

The yell had died out entirely, which told them plainly that the redskins meant to keep up a silent warfare until they had got them.

The young deadshot looked down and saw the two men he had freed standing at the side of Spitfire and Charlie's broncho.

It was not a bad position where the young deadshot and Charlie now were, since they had rocks to shield them nearly all around.

But they knew that unless the captain and the cowboy got away immediately they would be recaptured.

Wild decided to let them take the horses and go, since they had no weapons with which to defend themselves.

"Captain Smith," he shouted, keeping on the watch all the time, "take my horse and go on. Let Bill take Charlie's. Get help as soon as you can. I reckon we'll be able to hold this place for a while. Strike out straight for the trail and you'll meet Jim and the girls."

An answering reply of "All right" came, and just then the tufted head of a brave showed itself over a rock less than ten yards away.

Crack!

Charlie's revolver spoke, and with the death cry upon his lips, the Apache disappeared.

"I reckon we'll keep 'em guessin' a while, Wild," the scout said, a grim smile showing on his tanned and weather-beaten face. "There's a whole lot of 'em, I know, but they ain't anxious to git wiped out, an' they ain't goin' to make a rush for us, 'cause they know putty well what we kin do afore this."

"That's right, Charlie," was the reply. "Just take it easy, and don't get excited. We may be able to hold them until Jim arrives. As soon as the captain and Bill Flounder are supplied with rifles they can come back and make the redskins believe that there's a big crowd of them. Jim knows how to do it, so we have just got to hope that it turns out that way, that's all."

"I ain't goin' to give up until I know they've got me for sartin," was the resolute reply of the scout.

A number of shots rang out just then, and the two guessed right away that the Indians were firing at the two escaping men.

But the shooting soon stopped, and then several of the Apaches showed themselves at the foot of the bank.

Wild could see them plainly between two rocks that were close together, but could not be seen himself.

Charlie was watching from the other side, so unless a sudden rush came, the two were safe from being taken in a hurry.

Presently the report of a rifle sounded from a point about a hundred yards away, and a bullet flattened against a rock close to Charlie's head.

Instantly the scout turned his gaze in the direction the shot had been fired from, and he saw an Indian lying at full length upon a slight elevation, a rifle pointed that way.

"I'll fix you, you sneakin' varmint!" he exclaimed, and then his Remington went to his shoulders and his eyes sighted along the barrel.

Crang!

As the shot rang out he saw the Indian leap into the air and then roll back out of sight.

"Sharpshooters, eh, Charlie?" Wild observed, as coolly as if it was merely a farce that was being enacted.

"I reckon so," was the reply. "But he won't do no more shootin', that's sartin. Who would ever have thought that we was goin' to git into sich a scrimmage as this when we struck that minin' camp this mornin'?"

"Queer things turn up, Charlie. But never mind. We are not out of this mess yet, and we have got to keep our wits about us or we never will get out of it."

"Oh, we'll git out of it all right, Wild, an' don't you forget it. I feel sartin of that. Keep your eyes open, an' don't let them sneak up an' give us a surprise."

The Indians below walked about stealthily, all the while keeping their gaze fixed upon the rocks behind which they knew the two palefaces were hiding.

Not a sound did they make, nor did any of the others gathered about in other directions.

They were using all the stealth that an Indian is known for, and were wary about exposing themselves.

Both Wild and Charlie were supplied with plenty of cartridges, and should the Apaches be foolish enough to keep showing themselves now and then they would have been able to pick off the entire band.

But that was not going to be the case.

Someone had given instructions to the braves to keep out of view as much as possible and wait for the opportunity that would afford them the pleasure of taking the two palefaces alive.

Five minutes passed, and not a sound was heard.

Wild occasionally caught a glimpse of an Indian below, but Charlie failed to see one from any other direction.

But presently the young deadshot drew back and in a the right side."

"A bunch of them are going to try and climb up the hill, Charlie. I'll take care of them. You just watch out from the other side."

"Right yer are," came the reply. "I'm watchin' for all I'm worth. Don't think I'm feelin' sleepy jest now, 'cause I ain't."

Sure enough, as the young deadshot had stated, a dozen or more of the braves could be seen creeping from behind the rocks fifty yards away.

They were all heading toward the foot of the bank, and the majority of them carried rifles or carbines.

The young deadshot actually smiled, for he took it for granted that the redskins thought they were unobserved.



He knew very well that if he permitted them to start up the bank he could mow down three or four of them with one shot.

But Wild did not believe in a ruthless slaughter.

He was content to shoot to kill only when there was no other alternative.

Slowly the redskins approached, and soon the foremost of them were creeping stealthily up the bank, less than twenty feet from the spot where the two were hemmed in.

Wild thought it about time to let them know they were observed, so he felt upon the ground near him and succeeded in picking up a rock that was about as large as a brickbat.

Without taking his eyes from the creeping redskins, he hurled the stone straight at the foremost one.

It struck the scoundrel squarely upon the top of his head, and bounding back hit another.

A startled yell was the result, and then the crowd turned and fled down the steep slope.

"What did you do, Wild?" Charlie asked, without looking around.

"Hit a couple of them with a stone," was the reply. "It was just as good as a bullet, I reckon."

Then ten minutes passed without the two hearing the least sounds that would indicate that there was anyone close to them.

But Wild and Charlie well knew that the Indians had not gone away.

It was an old trick of theirs to remain silent for a long time to make it appear that they had really gone.

It was by the merest chance that they had reached such a snug place, and as they looked around their narrow quarters both began to feel more hopeful.

There was not the least chance of a redskin getting there without being seen, and this made them feel certain that unless the old medicine man decided to lose several of his braves a combined attack would not be made.

Neither Wild nor Charlie relaxed their vigilance one bit.

They talked in whispers without looking at each other, for their eyes were needed to scan their surroundings beside the hollow between the rocks.

"Well, Charlie," the young deadshot said, in a whisper, and as coolly as if there was nothing at all to fear, "it seems to me that Jim ought to be showing up pretty soon. They couldn't have been so very far behind us when we made the discovery that Captain Smith and the cowboy had been taken prisoners by the redskins."

"If they left as soon as they could git ready they hadn't oughter been more than two or three miles behind," the scout declared. "We went a lot out of our way, an' they had a putty nigh straight trail to foller."

"That's right. I think in a very few minutes now we'll hear something."

The words were scarcely out of the boy's mouth when a loud explosion sounded.

Wild and Charlie gave a start, but they knew right away who to lay it to.

"Hop!" Charlie exclaimed, speaking aloud, regardless of the fact that the Indians near at hand might hear him.

"As sure as you live, Charlie," the young deadshot replied.

Before anything further could be said they heard the sounds made by hurrying feet, and they knew the explosion had attracted the attention of the Apaches who had been lying in silence so long, waiting for the opportunity to take the two palefaces prisoners.

A rifle shot sounded from somewhere below.

It was quickly followed by half a dozen more, and then a shout came to the ears of Wild and Charlie.

"That's Jim!" the scout exclaimed, jubilantly. "They've got here. Let's git down there."

But Wild had been keeping a watch below, and had not seen anything of the Indians, whom when they last appeared to his view were disappearing behind some rocks below and slightly off to the left.

He was not going to take any chances.

"Easy, Charlie," he cautioned. "Wait until we see them coming."

Charlie gave a nod, and then for a moment relaxed, keeping a watch on his side and looking over a rock below.

He exposed himself when he did this, but fortunately no Indian happened to be on the watch, or he might have been shot.

A few seconds later three riders could be seen moving swiftly toward them.

They were Jim Dart, Arietta, Captain Smith, and the cowboy, and all were equipped with rifles.

Up they dashed, for the captain and Bill Flounder had not forgotten where they had left Wild and Charlie.

No Indians showed themselves, so the young deadshot decided that it was time to leave the little hollow.

"Come on, Charlie," he said, and then he quickly vaulted over a rock and ran down the steep descent.

The scout was right after him, and just as the four riders came up they met them.

"This way, Wild," Arietta shouted. "Spitfire is only a short distance back here."

"All right, Et," was the cool reply. "We were having quite a siege, and I will say that I was mighty glad to hear you coming. But where is Hop?"

"He's over there somewhere. You heard the explosion, of course."

"I reckon we did. It was certainly loud enough."

"Well, Hop wanted to do something to attract the attention of the redskins while we came to look for you. I think the plan worked all right."

"It certainly did, little girl. But come on. We must get away from here. It won't be many minutes before there will be half a hundred Apaches after us."

Captain Smith and the cowboy were much elated, for they afterward declared that they felt pretty certain that Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie had been wiped out long before they had time to get back to aid them.

Arietta rode on, her horse at a trot and her dashing young lover running with her.

They soon came to the place where Wild and Charlie had left their horses.

Hop's broncho was there, too, but the Chinaman was nowhere seen.

Wild quickly mounted Spitfire, and then took a look in the direction of the Indian camp.

At first he could see nothing, but suddenly he saw a form running swiftly toward them.

It was Hop.

In hot pursuit were a dozen or more redskins, and the Chinaman acted very much as if he was running for his life.

But it proved that he was not much frightened, for suddenly he was seen to turn and hurl something behind him.

Then a loud report sounded, and a cloud of smoke arose.

"That heathen is a wonder, Wild," the scout exclaimed, admiration showing on his face. "That's a fine way to set back any one what's runnin' after yer, an' no mistake."

They waited until Hop had joined them, and then without asking him any questions, the party turned and rode back along the trail.

Hop was not long in mounting, as might be supposed, and after them he came, his broncho at a swinging gallop.

But they had not gone a great distance before they could hear a fierce yelling a quarter of a mile behind them.

Then they knew that the redskins were in hot pursuit.

"Only a little further, Wild, and we'll get to Anna and Eloise," Arietta said, as she nodded encouragingly to the young deadshot.

"All right, little girl," was the cool reply. "I hope you left them in some good place, for it strikes me that we may as well halt and put up a fight. This riding away don't exactly suit me, for there is no telling but there may be another party of redskins coming from some other direction, and then we would certainly be in a bad fix."

"I think you'll be satisfied with the place I left them at," and Arietta smiled.

In less than two minutes later they came to the spot she referred to.

Anna and Eloise were standing by their horses under an overhanging ledge.

Both were rather pale, showing that they knew that a great danger was threatening them.

Wing, the cook, was sitting on the back of his broncho, holding the long halters that the two pack-horses were led with.

He was ready to ride off at a moment's notice.

"Everything is all right," Young Wild West called out, just as if there was no danger at all. "This is a mighty good place. We'll stay right here a while, I reckon. Wing, just get the horses behind the rocks, for we don't want to have any of them shot."

"Allee light, Misler Wild," and the cook promptly jumped to the ground and proceeded to do as he was told.

It did not take them long to get all the horses out of danger, and just as this had been accomplished the clatter of hoofs sounded so plainly that it was more than evident that the Indians were getting rapidly nearer.



"Get ready for business," was Young Wild West's order, as he nodded to those crouching near him. "The redskins are on the warpath, and they want us badly. That means that we have got to mow them down without mercy."

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE YELLOW BULL FAILS TO ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING.

When Young Wild West first set eyes upon the place Anna and Eloise had remained at, he realized that it hardly could be improved upon from the standpoint of a good fighting quarters.

The cliff hollowed in right there, making almost a complete semi-circle, while the ledge, which was fifteen or twenty feet above, projected out amply far enough to protect them in that direction.

The rocks arose on every hand, and the hollow spot behind them was surely all that could be desired.

Scarcely one little improvement could have been made upon it, even if they had had the time.

The only really uneasy one in the party now was Captain Smith.

Wild noticed it, and at first he thought the officer was in fear of what was bound to happen.

But he had seen enough of the captain to convince him that he was anything but a coward, so he nodded to him and said:

"What is troubling you, captain?"

"I made a mistake in not riding on, Wild," was the reply. "I should have kept right on for the fort, so they can be notified there of what is going on."

"Well, maybe you're right. But suppose you had been headed off by another band of redskins. Then you might have fared worse than you did before. I reckon you're all right where you are. If we can't do any better we'll stay right here until it gets dark, and then we'll try and arrange it so you or some one can ride back to the fort and get assistance."

"That's about the only way, I think," and the officer nodded his head approvingly.

The clattering of hoofs had ceased now, but Young Wild West thought nothing of this.

He knew pretty well that some of the Indians must have located their position, and they were not going to ride right up to it and be mowed down.

The boy looked around, and seeing that the girls were crouching close to a big rock so they could not possibly be hit by a bullet, he began creeping stealthily to the left.

"I must see what they are up to," he whispered, as he passed Arietta. "You just keep a watch and don't forget what your rifle is for."

"You can depend upon me to not forget that much," the girl answered, with a smile. "This is not the first time I have helped defend a camp."

"Not by a great deal, little girl, and I suppose it will not be the last time, either."

Wild knew he was taking a risk when he moved away for the purpose of getting a glimpse of the redskins.

But he felt that it was the only way for them to figure out the right sort of means for a defence.

It was a pretty sure thing that if they chose to do so some of the Apaches could ride up to the high ground above and then come around upon the trail.

This meant that they could make an attack upon the natural stronghold from both directions.

Even though there were so many of them, the boy had no fear that they would be successful if they should do such a thing.

But if he knew just what their probable intentions were it would be so much the better.

He crept on until he reached the end of the semi-circle, and then mounting some rocks, he got behind one and found that he could look back for a distance of two hundred yards in the direction they had come.

What he saw pleased him greatly.

More than a score of redskins were at a halt, but all sitting upon the backs of their horses.

They were talking and gesticulating, but they spoke in such low tones that he could not hear them.

But after watching them he quickly understood that more of them had gone upward in order to get around.

"Just as I thought," the boy muttered, as he gave a nod. "Well, I don't know as it would be wrong for me to take a shot right now to let them know that we are on the watch. I won't kill one of the redskins, though. I'll just drop one of the horses."

He had brought his Remington with him, and, moving slightly so he would have a good chance, he took a quick aim and pulled the trigger.

Crang!

As the report rang out one of the horses gave a leap forward, unseating its rider, and then dropped to the ground.

Consternation seized the redskins, for the shot must have been entirely unexpected.

They immediately turned and rode back until they were out of sight, and, with a smile upon his face, Young Wild West hurried back to his companions.

"Got one of 'em, eh, Wild?" the scout asked, nodding approvingly.

"No, I didn't try to, Charlie," was the reply. "I shot one of their ponies. It was a shame to do even that, but it will make one less to aid the red scoundrels any further."

"If it had been me it wouldn't have been a pony what got shot."

"I know that, Charlie. But I am not in the habit of shooting even a hostile Indian, unless it is absolutely necessary. I believe you have heard me say that before, and by this time you ought to know it well enough without hearing me say it."

"Oh, I know it all right, Wild. But I thought maybe you might have broke your rule jest once. It's all right, anyhow. You know your business a blamed sight better than I do."

They waited patiently, and a few minutes later they heard sounds from below them.

"I reckon they're coming," the young deadshot said, as he took the risk of peering over a rock.

Then much to his surprise he saw the yellow bull tearing along the trail almost straight toward their hiding place.

The boy could not help laughing, for he realized instantly that the medicine man must have ordered the bull to be chased that way with the intention of trying to frighten them.

"What's the matter, Wild?" the scout asked, for he noticed the change of expression on the young deadshot's face.

"The yellow bull is coming, Charlie," was the reply.

"Is that so?" and the scout sprang to his side, his rifle in readiness.

"Don't shoot the bull, Charlie. There is no use in doing that. The old medicine man has painted it up for some purpose which none of us know just yet. But it seems that the bull was sent this way to frighten us. I reckon nobody will be very much frightened, though," and the boy actually laughed.

They all took a look then, and the bull came tearing along, tossing its head and acting very much as though he was ready to fight any one or anything.

The animal looked queer, even ridiculous, with the bright yellow paint covering its hide.

"That's the first time I ever saw a yellow bull!" exclaimed Jim Dart, showing genuine surprise.

"That's what I said when I saw it," Wild answered. "But there is nothing wonderful about it. The redskins have simply painted the bull yellow, that's all."

"The work of the medicine man, I suppose."

"Most certainly. He thinks he has done a great thing in bringing about something entirely new. But I reckon he'll change his mind before we get through with him. I have decided to try and take Crooked Hoof alive, so he may be properly tried and receive the punishment that is due him. If he has caused the uprising among the Apaches he ought to suffer for it."

"He'll suffer for it, you can depend upon that," Captain Smith exclaimed, his eyes flashing.

The bull went right on past, and soon was lost to view.

"When old Crooked Hoof finds out that his scheme has not worked well he will try something else. Maybe he'll choose to attack us from both directions," said Wild, coolly, as he nodded to those about him.

"I wish they would hurry up an' do it, then," the cowboy spoke up. "This here sorter makes me nervous. I don't mind fightin', but I never did like waitin' for a fight to start."

"That's the way most people feel about it, I reckon. But just keep cool, Bill. You'll have a chance presently, I'm sure."

The young deadshot proved to be correct in this, for two or three minutes later a yell sounded from the left.

It was quickly answered by one from the right, and then the clattering of hoofs rang out with startling distinctness.

The redskins had divided into two parties, and were coming from both ways now.

"Get ready," the young deadshot called out, and then he glanced from one to the other of those who were so able and willing to assist him in defending the spot.

Even Anna and Eloise were grasping rifles, and were lying



or crouching upon the ground with the barrels thrust between the rocks.

A suspense of probably two seconds, and then the Indians came in view simultaneously from both directions.

They began firing, and the bullets flattened against the rocks, some of them dropping among the brave little party.

But no one offered to fire a shot until Young Wild West set the example.

The boy waited until the two parties had nearly come together, and then his rifle cracked.

This was the signal the rest had been waiting for, and shot after shot rang out, some of them so close together as to almost blend into one.

The Indians were so close that scarcely a bullet missed its mark, and they fell back in wild disorder, some going one way and some the other.

Not an answering shot was made after Wild started the ball rolling, and in much quicker time than it had taken them to appear, they got out of sight.

"Well, that's what I call putty good!" exclaimed Cheyenne Charlie, as he raised his head and looked along the ground outside the natural barricade of rocks. "There's three horses down, an' I'd be willin' to take an oath that there's a dozen Injuns gone to the Happy Huntin' Grounds, too. Jest let 'em try it ag'in, an' if we git as many more there won't be enough left to do much harm."

"They won't come back again very soon, Charlie. They'll try the tactics so common to their race, and will try to catch us napping," our hero retorted.

It was quite certain that the medicine man would call his braves back to hold a council of war now, and he decided to go out and spy upon them, for a better opportunity would not come.

He quickly told his companions what he intended to do, and then, rifle in hand, crept away to the left, with the intention of climbing to the top of the cliff a little further on, where it could be easily done.

Before he had gone a dozen feet Hop Wah started after him. "Me wantee go, too, Misler Wild. Me makee another bigee bang, maybe."

"All right, Hop," came the reply. "I reckon it will be safe enough to let you go. They are not on the watch at all now, for it will take them some little time to get their wits together again. The repulse they met with was a great deal worse than they expected, and the old medicine man will have to think of some way that will be less dangerous to his force."

Hop was delighted at the opportunity of going with the young deadshot, and he ran along after him, regardless of the fact that he might be exposing himself to some redskin on the watch.

But Young Wild West knew so much about the warfare of the Apaches that he could hardly make a mistake, and it was just as he thought.

The Indians were getting together to hold a pow-wow and decide upon what they should do next.

Wild was not long in climbing to the top of the cliff, and once he got there he waited until the Chinaman joined him.

"Now, then, Hop," he said, "I rather think that they are gathering to the right of us. We'll creep along behind the rocks and through the bushes here until we find out. Be a little careful, for even though they may be greatly excited over what has happened, some of them might catch sight of you. If they do that they'll make it hot for us before we can get below."

"Me be velly muchee caleful, Misler Wild."

The two then crept along noiselessly for about twenty yards, and then they reached the crest of a sharp descent.

Keeping a little to the right, they came to a big rock, and peering from behind this they saw the redskins gathered in a bunch about two hundred feet away.

It was not strange that they were so close to the secure hiding place of our friends, since there was a bend in the cliff right there, and neither could see the other.

Wild was not long in judging that the entire band was there, for he could count as many as fifty without half trying.

They had all dismounted, but their ponies were held in readiness, showing that they were not going to be delayed in case a sudden attack was made upon them.

"Well, there they are, Hop," the young deadshot said, in his cool and easy way, as he nodded to the Chinaman. "I reckon you could break up that pow-wow mighty easy, if you tried."

"Lat light, Misler Wild. You wantee me to makee bigee bang?"

"Just wait a while. I don't see anything of the yellow bull."

"Velly stlange, lat yellee bullee, Misler Wild."

"Yes, you might call it that. There's a redskin coming with the bull now. He must have followed and roped the beast. I suppose old Crooked Hoof can't very well get along without the bull. That's him standing in the center of the bunch."

"Me see um chief, Misler Wild."

"He isn't exactly what you call a chief, Hop. He's a medicine man. Something of a magician, I suppose."

"Lat allee light," and the Chinaman's eyes twinkled. "Me allee samee gleat magician, so be."

Wild smiled, and then after waiting until the bull had been led up and a circle had been formed about it, he turned to the Chinaman and said:

"Now then, Hop, just let the big firecracker go down there. Be sure you light the fuse first, though."

"Me be velly muchee sure, Misler Wild."

Delighted at the chance of giving the redskins another scare, the clever Chinese produced one of the big home-made firecrackers he usually carried with him, and, striking a match, applied the flame to the fuse.

He held it until the fuse had burned within a quarter of an inch of the cracker, and then quickly hurled it from the top of the cliff.

The cracker went true to the mark, and would have undoubtedly landed almost into the center of the gathering had it not exploded before it got there.

Bang!

It was a loud report, and the smoke that came from it hid the redskins from their view.

But the yells that went up told plainly that the trick had worked nicely, and taking the Chinaman by the arm, Young Wild West said:

"Now then, let's get down there by the rest. Hurry up, Hop."

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOP DISAPPEARS.

Wild and Hop were not long in joining the others under the cliff.

But the moment he arrived there the young deadshot noticed that one of the party was missing.

"It was Captain Smith."

"How is this?" he asked, turning to Charlie in surprise. "Where is the captain? I see that his horse isn't here, either."

"That's right, Wild. The minute you went away he said all of a sudden that he reckoned he had better strike out an' git to the fort. He said he knowed you didn't approve of it, but he was goin', anyhow. He must be quite some distance away by this time, 'cause he wasn't long in gittin' on his horse an' startin' off, I kin tell you."

"Well, if it suits him to go it's all right. I hope he don't get caught by the redskins again, however, for I don't feel just like taking such a risk as you and I did a little while ago. Maybe it will be all right. I hope he reaches the fort in safety."

"I reckon we all hope that," and the scout gave a nod. "It ain't likely we'll stand a very good show of gittin' away from here," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he turned and looked in the direction he knew the Apaches to be. "What did you do, anyhow? We heard the firecracker go off. Did Hop throw it anywhere close to 'em?"

"He threw it right in their midst, or it would have dropped there, rather, had it not exploded over their heads."

"Sorter made 'em jump an' yell, didn't it?"

"It certainly did, though we couldn't see much of the jumping they did, for there is so much smoke to the powder that Hop uses in making the cracker that it generally obscures things."

"Me gottee lillee powdee me puttee in with um other powdee to makee plenty smoke, so be," Hop spoke up. "Smoke allee light, so be."

"It is sometimes when you want to hide yourself, that's sure, Hop."

"You mean to remain right here for a while, then, eh, Wild?" Arietta asked, after the boy had finished talking with the scout and Hop.

"There is nothing else to do, Et," was the reply. "It would be simply placing ourselves at the mercy of the redskins if we were to undertake to get away. You know what mercy they would show us, of course."

"Yes, I know. I don't want to be at their mercy. But there's no water here, and should we have to remain here until late in the night, or perhaps until to-morrow, we would feel for



the want of it. I really would like to have a drink now, and I know the horses need it badly."

"It can't be helped," and the young deadshot shook his head. "You can make up your mind that you have got to stay here, little girl. There are too many of the redskins left for us to think of whipping them in a fair fight. We must let them go ahead and manage to defeat them at every move they make against us. That's all there is to it, so all hands settle down to the fact that we have got to stay here until after it gets dark, anyhow."

What the boy said seemed to satisfy them all, even to Bill Flounder, the cowboy, who had not offered to go away with Captain Smith, though he had set out from the mining camp to accompany him to the fort.

Young Wild West knew quite well that the loss the redskins had sustained would only make them more eager for revenge.

But still they were not going to expose themselves too much, since they knew what the result would surely be.

But that would make a siege of it, and probably they might stay there until a detachment of cavalry or others came to the assistance of the party.

It had been very sultry all day long, and though the sun was declining now there was not the least bit of breeze that reached our friends.

The hollow at the foot of the cliff was too far down for anything like that.

Since Wild had not heard anything of the Indians after they got over the fright Hop gave them when he hurled the big cracker among them, he was pretty well convinced that they were not aware that the cavalryman had taken his departure.

As he looked up and down the trail he decided that Captain Smith really had a pretty good chance of getting away unobserved, and when Charlie explained that Smith had kept close to that side as he was leaving, the boy was convinced that he would be all right, unless he happened to come upon another roving band of Indians who were bent upon joining the force of the old medicine man.

Half an hour slipped by without them hearing or seeing anything of the Apaches.

But not one of them believed that the villains had gone very far from the spot.

No doubt the council of war had been finished before this, and Crooked Hoof was making active preparations to enable him to catch the palefaces he hated so much.

Another half hour passed, and a feeling of uneasiness came over most of them.

Charlie showed this particularly, though Wild and Jim were quite calm, and seemed to be satisfied with the way things were going.

"Blamed if I ain't gittin' tired of this," the scout declared, after a while. "I feel like goin' out an' showin' myself jest to draw the redskins this way. 'If they don't do somethin' putty soon I think I'll do it, too.'"

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Charlie," Young Wild West declared, smiling as he spoke. "Just let them have their own way about it. We know pretty well that they can't get at us without us seeing them. They don't stand the ghost of a chance of shooting at us very often, and they must come directly toward us if they try to get us."

"I know that, all right, Wild," was the reply. "But it's blamed tiresome. I'm jest as dry as I kin be, too. We didn't bring no water with us, 'cept what Hop an' Wing has got in the kegs on the pack-horses. That's so warm it ain't fit to drink, an' I don't want none of it unless I git so thirsty that I've got to wet my throat."

"I reckon we'll give the horses a little bit of it when night comes, and if there's any left we'll kindle a fire and make some coffee with it."

"Kindle a fire, eh?"

"Yes, why not? The redskins know we are here, so that won't make any difference."

"That's so, too. But it might light the way for 'em so they could come sneakin' up an' git putty close afore we seen 'em."

"That's all right. They won't get close enough to do any harm before we can see them, you can bet on that."

It must have been along about five o'clock in the afternoon when footsteps were heard in the direction they knew the Indians were located.

All eyes were turned that way, and when they saw an Indian approaching carrying a white rag that was attached to a stick, they were not a little surprised.

But that was not all.

Not far behind the redskin came another, leading the yellow bull.

The Indian acted in anything but an off-handed way as he approached.

He seemed to fear that he might be shot.

But he was perfectly safe, as far as that was concerned, for Young Wild West and his friends never did business that way.

If an enemy approached bearing a flag of truce, they were always ready and willing to hold a parley.

Waiting until the redskin was within about fifty feet of the rocks behind which they were concealed, Young Wild West arose and showed himself.

The Apache came to a stop, and the one behind him leading the bull did likewise.

"Well, redskin, what do you want?" the boy asked, in his cool and easy way, as he looked at the Indian rather curiously.

"Me come to tell what Crooked Hoof, the great medicine man of the Apaches, wants to say to the palefaces."

"All right, come on. We'll give you a chance to talk as much as you like. Don't think that we are going to shoot you or make you a prisoner."

Somewhat reassured, the brave approached more readily, and after him came the other, forcing the bull, which seemed to be rather docile just now, along with him.

"Crooked Hoof say Young Wild West is here," the Indian began, as he looked at the boy keenly.

"Crooked Hoof tells the truth if he says that. I am Young Wild West."

"Young Wild West shoot heap much Apaches."

"That's all right. I have never shot any of them unless they were deserving of it. Go ahead and let us know what you want."

"Crooked Hoof say paleface maidens here."

"That is strictly correct. But what of it?"

"Crooked Hoof say he no want to fight white squaws or children."

"Crooked Hoof lies, then, for he would take advantage of anyone. He is after the scalps of all the palefaces he can find, and you know it. But you haven't told me what you want."

"Crooked Hoof is heap much medicine man. The Great Spirit made the bull turn yellow, and the yellow bull don't like the palefaces. It tell the great medicine man that he must kill all the palefaces."

"A wonderful bull it must be," and the young deadshot laughed at the Indians. "So it can talk, eh?"

"The yellow bull can talk. But he no talk to anybody but the medicine man."

"Oh, I see. Is that all you want to say?"

"That's all, Young Wild West."

"All right. Go on back with your old yellow bull and tell Crooked Hoof that we'll be ready for him any time he wants to come and get us. You might tell him that we have got enough cartridges here to shoot ten times the number of the braves he has with him. We all know how to shoot pretty well, too."

"Heap much shoot, heap much smoke," the Indian declared, shaking his head.

"Yes, that's right. Now go on back and tell your old medicine man that inside of twenty-four hours he will either be shot or be a prisoner at the fort. The Great Spirit didn't tell me this, but I happen to know it, just the same, and I don't need to paint a bull yellow to get my information, either."

The Apache nodded just as if he believed everything the boy said.

He did not seem to be at all disappointed over the result of the parley, but nodding to his companion, who was holding the bull by a rope, he strutted away, still keeping the flag of truce raised.

When they had disappeared from view Wild turned to his companion and said:

"Well, what do you think of that? I reckon the old medicine man must have got it in his head that he could frighten us into surrendering. He knows I'm here, but it shows plainly that he don't understand my way of doing things exactly. I've never yet surrendered when I've had the least chance of winning out, and I hardly think we'll do it now."

"Surrender, eh?" the scout exclaimed, shaking his head and smiling grimly. "That's about the last thing I'm thinkin' we'll have to do. What's worryin' me the most is 'cause there ain't a stream of water right here so we could have all we wanted to drink. It wouldn't be bad if there was a good patch of grass for the horses, too. But I s'pose we can't always have things jest the way we want 'em."

The young deadshot smiled at this, and then seeing that Jim and the cowboy were keeping a good watch, he went over and sat down near the girls.



Presently Hop came up and interrupted them as they were talking.

"Misler Wild," he said, "maybe you wantee makee lillee fire, so be."

"That's right, Hop, but there isn't anything to make it with."

"Me see plenty wood when me go up um hill with you."

"Yes, I remember of having seen some, too. You want to go and get it, I suppose."

"Lat light, Misler Wild."

"Well, be very careful, and don't go too far."

The Chinaman nodded and looked pleased, and then promptly crept away from the spot.

Wild knew he would not have to go very far to get the necessary brush and fagots to kindle the fire, so he did not bother himself about it much.

But when five minutes elapsed and the Chinaman did not show up he began to think that he must have gone further than was really necessary.

He waited, however, until another five minutes had passed, and then seeing no signs of the Chinaman returning, he arose to his feet and, nodding to his companions, said:

"It may be that Hop has taken the notion to do a little spying upon the redskins, and that he has been caught at it. I reckon I'd better go and find out."

"Let me go with you, Wild," the scout spoke up, eagerly.

"All right, Charlie. Come right along."

The two left the camp with just as much caution as they could command, for they did not doubt but that there were Indians somewhere watching them.

They went on to the foot of the steep descent and soon made their way to the top, where there was a fallen tree.

Hop could have got all the wood that was required right here, but had failed to do so, though they did notice a small pile of it after they had turned the corner of a high rock.

"He got the wood he wanted, and then went on to try and do somethin' else, Wild," the scout whispered, as he pointed to the heap of faggots.

The young deadshot nodded but made no verbal reply.

He was about to go on a little further when a slight sound attracted his attention toward the right.

Making a quick motion with his left hand for the scout to drop, the boy went flat to the ground, and then lay perfectly still.

Charlie was quite equal to the occasion, and they lay there for nearly a minute before anything further happened.

Then they suddenly saw the tufted head of an Apache warrior show from behind a rock less than twenty feet from them.

Both now were quite sure that Hop had been seized suddenly by the redskins and prevented from making an outcry.

He must now be a prisoner, and this meant that they had more trouble on their hands.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ARIETTA IS UNFORTUNATE.

When Young Wild West and Cheyenne Charlie had been gone a little more than ten minutes Arietta began to grow decidedly uneasy.

The fact that Hop had failed to come back after starting out to get some wood for the purpose of kindling a fire was quite enough to convince her that something must have happened to him.

But Wild and Charlie had not returned, either, and this meant that they must have gone to look for the missing Chinaman.

Very often Arietta made up her mind to do a thing whether her friends approved or not.

She became imbued with the idea that she must go and look for her boy lover.

"Girls," she said, suddenly turning to Anna and Eloise, "I am going out for a little while."

"What!" cried Anna. "You wouldn't take such a risk as that, would you?"

"Yes, and I mean to take the risk, too. I know pretty well now that Hop has been captured by the Indians. Wild and Charlie no doubt discovered it right after they left here, and they're probably trying to find a means of rescuing him. I think I can be of some help, and that's why I'm going."

"Better stay here, Arietta," Jim Dart advised, shaking his head. "Wild and Charlie will be back pretty soon. If they have discovered that Hop was captured by the redskins, most likely they'll come back to let us know about it."

"They wouldn't come back if they thought they had a chance to get him free," the girl replied, with a shake of the head. "But never mind. I said I was going, and I meant it. I'll take care of myself all right, and if I do happen to be caught by the Apaches they won't kill me. That's one thing sure."

There was no need of saying anything more, and Jim knew it, so he remained perfectly silent.

Bill Flounder, the cowboy, was amazed at the daring of the girl.

"I wouldn't want to sneak away from here myself," he said, in a whisper to Dart. "What's the matter with the gal, anyhow?"

"Oh, she generally knows what she is doing," was the reply. "She is always taking great risks, and she generally wins out, too. We'll have to let her go, that's all. When Wild isn't here no one can make her change her mind."

"Well, I hope she does make out all right, but it sorter seems to me as if the old medicine man has got his braves strung all around so they kin watch every move we make. I'll bet the heathen was seen when he climbed up the cliff, an' that Young Wild West an' Cheyenne Charlie was, too."

"Quite likely. But all we can do is to wait here until something happens."

"And if the Injuns make a rush here we'll have a hard time of it, 'cause there'll be three or four lots to put up a fight."

"We can take care of them all right," Jim retorted, confidently. "Just take it easy, Bill."

Meanwhile Arietta was already moving from the spot.

She acted with a great deal of caution, for she knew as well as any of them that the probabilities were that a watch was being kept upon them.

Revolver in hand, she slowly crept upward, and at length reached the top of the cliff.

Then she saw the pile of fagots that Hop must have gathered before he was caught by the redskins.

She picked her way cautiously along, and suddenly as she was moving around the corner of a big rock she came upon the outstretched form of an Indian.

It startled her at first, but when she saw that the redskin was dead she merely gave a nod and, moving aside a little, went on past the body.

She knew very well that either Wild or Charlie had been responsible for the death of the Apache, and this convinced her thoroughly that Hop had really been made a prisoner.

She moved along without making a sound, sometimes creeping, and walking at others, when there were enough rocks and shrubbery to conceal her.

After covering a distance of probably two hundred feet she came to a downward slope.

She paused here, and took a look at what lay below.

It was not long before she caught sight of the heads of several Apache warriors as they showed a trifle above a ledge of rocks below.

"There is where the Indians are," Arietta thought, as she gave a nod of satisfaction. "I suppose Wild and Charlie are down there somewhere watching them and waiting for a chance to get Hop. I think I had better go down a little closer so I can be on hand to help them. The first thing I know they'll be hurrying up this way, and the redskins will be after them in hot pursuit. I can fire a few shots and help them along. I'm glad I came from the camp."

She did not start directly toward the spot where she saw the moving Indians, but turned a little to the right, and was soon able to proceed along with less caution, since there was a large supply of rocks piled up in all sorts of ways, and she could readily step along behind them.

The girl continued on until she had reached the almost level stretch that lay below a hill.

She was now past the temporary camp of the Indians, and so must turn and move toward it if she expected to get close enough to observe what was going on there.

Arietta proceeded along with the greatest of caution now, for she knew that the least sound she might make would surely be heard by some watching Apache.

She succeeded in getting to within about fifty feet of the spot she was heading for when something happened that took her completely by surprise.

Two redskins pounced from behind a big rock and seized her before she had the least chance to turn her revolver upon them.

"Wild, Wild!" the girl screamed, at the top of her voice.

But that was all she could do, for a heavy hand was clapped over her mouth, and then she was hurried away, both Indians holding her tightly.



Into a hollow the brave girl was carried, while she struggled in vain to free herself.

The old medicine man and about twenty of his braves were gathered there, and when they saw the girl brought in they evinced great joy.

The spot they had selected as their temporary headquarters was a well protected one, and though the camp of our friends could not be seen from it, it was pretty certain that Indians were posted around at different places so they could keep a watch upon it.

Crooked Hoof ran forward and seized the girl by the arms. He shook her roughly, while his eyes lighted up venomously.

"Paleface maiden must be killed by the yellow bull!" he exclaimed. "Then the Apaches will meet with victory, and soon have the scalps of the palefaces hanging to their belts."

Arietta had given up struggling by this time, and was now quite herself.

"The medicine man of the Apaches will soon die," she retorted, defiantly. "You dare not kill me. The soldiers will come as thick as the leaves on the trees and wipe you all out."

"Ugh!" and Crooked Hoof showed how much he disliked what she said.

Tied to the stump of a tree close at hand was the yellow bull, pawing and doing its best to break loose.

Not far distant Hop lay upon the ground, bound hand and foot. When he saw the girl look at the bull and then turn her eyes upon the helpless Chinaman, a gloating expression came over the hideously painted face of the old medicine man.

"Paleface maiden no like," he said.

"No, I don't like it, that's right," Arietta retorted, still defiant.

"The Great Spirit has made the yellow bull talk to Crooked Hoof, and it has told him that the palefaces will soon go away from the earth. The red man will have all the land, and it will be his hunting ground wherever he wants to go."

Arietta said nothing to this, for she knew it would be useless.

Evidently the medicine man did not think it worth while to tie her hands.

Her revolver and hunting-knife had been taken from her almost the instant she had been seized, so she could actually do no harm no matter how hard she tried.

Taking her by the arm, Crooked Hoof motioned the brave who was holding her to let go.

Arietta went willingly with him, and he soon motioned her to sit upon a rock that was in about the center of the hollow.

The girl sat down, and then taking a look around saw that she was completely surrounded by the Apaches, so if she were to make a sudden attempt to run away she would only get a few feet.

She wondered where Wild and Charlie were, but knowing that they must be somewhere very close by, and perhaps looking at her at that very moment, she began to feel more at her ease.

If it had been the first time she had ever been a captive in the hands of a band of hostile Indians she might have been terrified.

But so many times had she been placed in a similar condition that it was anything but new.

Hop lay upon the ground not more than a dozen feet from her, while it was perhaps twenty feet to the tree stump to which the bull was tied.

The Indians kept pricking the bull with sharp sticks, and the animal struggled fiercely to break the rope and charge them.

When Arietta noticed this she began to feel a trifle uneasy, for she thought it possible that the medicine man really meant to cause the bull to kill her.

But as nothing yet had been done toward this, she grew a trifle more hopeful, and after waiting for a period of five minutes she decided to say something to the helpless Chinaman.

"Hop," she spoke up suddenly, "what are you doing here?"

"Me no knowee, Missee Arietta," came the reply, which told plainly that he had been watching and had seen her brought to the spot.

"How did they catch you, Hop?"

"Velly muchee quicke. Me no havee time to say something."

"Why didn't you come back when you found the wood? Then all of this would have been avoided."

"Me wantee findee um ledskins, Missee Arietta. Evelrything allee light. Me no 'fraid."

The way the heathen spoke told Arietta right away that he must expect to get away.

But she did not care to ask him how he was going to do it, for the redskins were listening to what they said.

But the fact was that Hop had very large wrists and small hands, and it was seldom indeed that he could not slip a rope, no matter how tightly his hands were tied together.

The girl knew this well enough, but Hop was lying so she could not see his hands, and she did not know just how he had been bound.

But a sleight-of-hand performer is capable of doing a great deal more than an ordinary person when it comes to the use of the hands.

Already Hop had managed to slip his bonds, and while he was talking with the brave girl he was in the act of untying the rope which had been passed around the upper portion of his body, pinning his arms to his sides.

So clever was he in doing this that even though several of the braves were looking right at him, he succeeded in getting it loose enough to give him the entire freedom of his arms.

But his ankles were tied together, and he could hardly expect to untie the rope.

The thing he wanted now was a knife, so he might suddenly sever the rope, and then he would have a possible chance of running away before his captors barely realized what his intention was.

But something happened just then that was very helpful to the Chinaman.

Crooked Hoof had been talking in low tones to three or four of his braves, and when one of them started toward the Chinaman, a knife in his hand, Arietta knew right away that he meant to cut Hop free.

Certainly a hostile Indian would not use a knife to kill a captive in that way.

They usually wanted to torture him first.

She was right in what she thought, for the brave stooped and cut the rope that was bound about Hop's ankles.

Then he gruffly ordered the Chinaman to get up.

Hop, acting as if his hands were tied behind him, made two or three attempts to get up, and finally did so.

The Indian gave him a kick, with the intention of forcing him to walk over to where the medicine man was in waiting.

But the instant he did this Hop threw out his hands and shouted:

"Hip hi, hoolay! Me allee samee gittee flee."

He was off like a flash, and in less than two seconds had disappeared behind a rock.

It happened so suddenly that even Arietta was astonished.

She arose to her feet to take advantage of the excitement the Chinaman had caused by his sudden escape.

But she was not quick enough, and half a dozen hands grabbed her before she had gone a dozen feet.

As she was struggling with the Apaches a rifle shot sounded, and one of them instantly released his hold and dropped to the ground.

The next moment the Indians were shouting wildly and yelling themselves hoarse.

Everything was in confusion, and the medicine man took his place near the yellow bull and waved his hands frantically.

Bang!

A loud report sounded, and knowing that Hop had caused the explosion, Arietta made a desperate struggle to get away from her captors.

But unfortunately she slipped and fell to the ground, and before she could get up she had been seized again and dragged away among the rocks.

The Indians in charge of her kept going right along, and the girl knew they were hastening to get to some safe place.

The shooting soon died out, and as she looked behind her she saw others of the band coming, too, some riding and others hurrying along on foot, leading their horses.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BUGLE CALL.

Hop Wah had no sooner got behind the rock when he drew something from his pocket.

Then a match appeared in his hand, and striking it, he lighted the fuse of one of the big crackers he had in his possession.

He hurled it into the midst of the Indians, and then turning sharply to the left, made direct for the trail that ran along at the foot of the cliff.

In the confusion that followed he had quite an easy chance to get back to the camp, and almost breathless from running, he bounded into the view of Jim Dart and the others, who were on the watch.



The cowboy was very much excited, and Anna and Eloise were pale and trembling as they crouched with their rifles.

A fight was going on, they knew, for the shouting and yells told it plainly.

"Hully uppee, Misler Jim!" Hop exclaimed, as he leaped over a rock and stood in their midst. "Um leddskin allee samee gottee Missee Alietta. She no gittee 'way. Me gittee 'way. Me velly smartee Chinee. Makee bigee bang and lun likee evelythling."

"Did you see anything of Wild and Charlie?" Jim asked.

"Me no see, but me hear plenty shootee, so be. Maybe ley helpee Missee Alietta."

The sound of a bugle rang out just then, and all gave a start, and then broke into a cheer.

The cavalymen were coming!

"Hcolay!" Hop shouted, waving his hat, though he could not see any one approaching. "Evelythling be allee light now, so be."

The clatter of hoofs could now be heard, and the next moment a score or more of cavalymen were seen riding up with Captain Smith in the lead.

As the captain reined in his horse Jim Dart sprang to meet him.

"I'm glad you came, captain," the boy called out, excitedly.

"The redskins have got Arietta."

"What!" the officer cried, in astonishment. "How did that happen?"

"I haven't time to tell you just now. Wild and Charlie are away somewhere. You heard the shooting, of course."

"Yes, and that's what hurried us up. You see I was a little lucky, for before I got to the fort I met these fellows who were out hunting for something in the way of game. I got them here as quickly as I could. I'm sorry we are too late."

"Oh, you mustn't say you are too late, captain," Dart retorted. "You might better call it just in time. Undoubtedly the Apaches are getting away from here as fast as they can. But they've got Arietta, and that means that we should give pursuit at once."

"Come on, boys," the captain shouted, as he waved his sword. "After the redskins. We'll not only save the girl, but we'll crush this outbreak right at the start."

The bugle sounded again, and then away rode the cavalymen, cheering wildly and ready for the fray.

They had barely gone when Wild and Charlie came down the hill and made for the camp.

"Let me have Spitfire, quick," the young deadshot called out, though he did not appear to be greatly excited, at that. "I reckon we'll soon clean up the redskins now."

"You couldn't save her, eh, Wild?" Jim asked, anxiously.

"No, Jim, it was dangerous to do any shooting, especially after Hop made so much smoke down there. Charlie shot one of the redskins, as he was handling Arietta rather roughly, and that started them all to firing and yelling. We did no shooting at all after that, but tried our best to steal up close enough to rescue Arietta. We couldn't do it, though, for they got her away before we knew it. They're all on the run now, and if the cavalymen keep going very fast they won't be long in overtaking them. Was Captain Smith with them?"

"Yes, he was lucky enough to meet them before he got to the fort, and he lost no time in getting here."

"Good! I am not worrying a whole lot. I hardly think they'll dare to harm Arietta any."

"What become of the yaller bull, Wild?" Charlie asked. "I didn't see nothin' of the blamed thing after Hop set off that firecracker."

"I didn't take notice, Charlie. But never mind the yellow bull. That doesn't amount to anything."

"Only that it's painted yaller, that's all. But come on. Let's git away from here."

Then the scout quickly threw himself upon the back of his horse and went galloping away.

Wild was right after him, and he went without giving any orders to Jim.

But undoubtedly he wanted him to remain with Anna and Eloise, so Jim did not attempt to follow them.

Once they found the trail of the Indians, Wild and Charlie went galloping swiftly along.

They could see the hoofprints of the cavalry horses, too, and they knew that it would not be very long before there would be some fighting done.

Old Crooked Hoof was too foxy to keep on riding and have his braves shot down, one or two at a time.

As soon as he could find a place for an ambushade he would halt and wait for his pursuers.

Then probably there might be a loss of life.

Wild knew this as well as he knew anything, and he was anxious to overtake the cavalymen before such a thing could happen.

For over a mile they rode along without seeing anything of those ahead, and then just as they reached the brow of a rocky hill they caught sight of the cavalymen less than two hundred yards below them in a hollow.

They were riding along at a gallop, and as the young deadshot craned his neck and looked along he saw a few straggling Indians.

Charlie, he said, as he leaned toward his partner as he rode up at his side, "the redskins are heading for the gulch over there. As soon as they come to a place where there are plenty of rocks they'll stop and wait for the cavalymen to come up. We must hurry. We don't want to let them be ambushed and shot down before they know it."

"Right yer are, Wild," came the reply, and then the two pushed on faster than before.

The sorrel stallion now began to outdistance the scout's horse, and in less than two minutes Young Wild West was leading by a good hundred feet.

Knowing that he was near enough to attract the attention of those ahead, Wild fired a shot in the air.

The report had no sooner sounded than he saw some of the cavalymen turn and look back.

Then he waved his hat excitedly for them to stop.

The signal was understood instantly, and the cavalymen promptly came to a halt.

Captain Smith came riding back, and when near enough to make himself heard plainly, he called out:

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing in particular, captain," the young deadshot answered, in his cool and easy way as he rode up and brought Spitfire to a halt. "But you seem to have forgotten that the redskins might take a notion to ambush you."

"No, I had not quite forgotten that, Wild. We were keeping a pretty good watch, you know."

"That's all right, too. But there may be plenty of places for them to hide. You don't hardly think they'll keep right on, do you?"

"Well, I did think they would keep on till we got so close to them that they would be compelled to fight."

"Well, you take my advice and go a little slow. I'll ride ahead with Charlie and do some scouting. You come along at an easy canter, and when you see us wave or hear a single shot fired you'll know it's all right to ride at full speed and be ready to shoot."

"Very well, I shall be glad to do anything you say. Come to think of it, your advice is good."

This being settled, the young deadshot turned to his partner and said:

"Now then, Charlie, I reckon we'll strike off a little to the right instead of following the trail. In that way we may be able to discover just what the Apaches intend to do."

"Right yer are, Wild," Charlie answered, ever ready to follow the boy and do exactly as he said.

Riding on past the cavalymen, who came to a halt, the two struck slightly off to the right, and were soon lost to view, for there were many hills and hollows, and the ground being strewn thickly with rocks of all sorts and shapes, it was no wonder that they quickly were hidden.

Half a mile further on they came to a rather high spot, and then Young Wild West quickly brought his sorrel stallion to a halt and took a look around.

Nothing could be seen of the redskins, yet there was a wide stretch of miles before them.

Here and there a huge pile of sand which had been thrown up by the winds could be seen, and far beyond a blue line, hazy and not quite distinct, told that there was vegetation there.

"We've struck a little desert, I reckon," the scout observed, as he took a look and then nodded to his companions.

"That's right, Charlie. But the redskins certainly have not had time to get across it. That means that they have stopped somewhere. Now then, the thing for us to do is to find them."

"That's jest the thing. I knowed enough for that myself."

"This way, then," and the boy turned in the direction that he knew would lead him straight to the trail the redskins had been traveling upon when last seen.

There was a gulch which was wide and sloping on the sides not far away, and it was easy to guess that the Indians had not left it, for beyond where it widened straight to the level tract there was nothing that would possibly conceal them.

Reaching the gulch, the two rode down carefully, for it was not easy work for the horses.

Once they got below they let the horses walk all the way



across, and were unable to see anything that looked like a fresh hoofprint.

"They're off there somewhere, you can bet, Charlie," Wild said, in his cool and easy way. "I hope they don't surprise the cavalymen, after all, for they must be getting pretty close by this time."

"We had better hurry a little, then, eh, Wild?"

"It wouldn't do to ride very fast, for we might come upon them before we were aware of it."

"That's so, too. Go on. I'll be right after yer."

Wild now started ahead, keeping his horse at a trot.

The ground was not hard, so the sounds the hoofs of the stallion made as it came in contact with the ground could not be heard a very great distance.

They went along for probably three hundred yards, and then the sharp eyes of the young deadshot caught sight of an Indian standing upon a high rock and looking to the right.

"Whoa, Spitfire!" he exclaimed, as he reined in his steed, and then pointing to the Indian, he nodded his head and said:

"There's one of them, Charlie. I reckon I was right in thinking they were going to stop and wait in ambush."

"I reckon you was. Well, I'll mighty soon fix that redskin," and the scout quickly raised the butt of his rifle to his shoulder.

"Hold on, Charlie!" exclaimed the young deadshot, as he reached over and seized the rifle by the barrel. "You must remember that there is no fight going on now, and to shoot even a redskin down in that fashion is not my way of doing things. I reckon I've said this a few times before."

"I know yer have, Wild. But I always forgit, for when I see a redskin, an' I know he's been doin' somethin' that he hadn't oughter, or means to do somethin' as soon as he gits the chance, it always strikes me that the best thing to do is to drop him an' have done with it. But that's all right. I won't shoot."

"We'll ride behind these rocks over here and then go ahead on foot. I want to be able to stop the cavalymen before they get close enough to be in danger."

The boy turned his horse sharply to the left, and riding a few yards, dismounted and threw the bridle-rein over Spitfire's head.

Charlie dismounted and fixed his horse in the same manner, and then they hurried along, keeping the rocks between them and the watching Indian, who was not more than a hundred yards distant.

It was lucky for them that he had not been looking their way, or he surely must have seen them when they rode up.

But no doubt his attention was attracted in the opposite direction, and there was an excuse for him.

The gulch being quite wide there, and the rocks so plentiful, it was quite an easy matter for the two who were so well experienced in that particular line to move rapidly forward and get close to the Indian.

When they were not more than a hundred feet away from him they suddenly came in sight of the rest of the band.

They had drawn their horses in close to the foot of the cliff, and were all crouching and lying behind rocks and boulders, their rifles and carbines thrust out in readiness to mow down the cavalymen as they came along.

Young Wild West gave a nod, and a smile instantly shone upon his handsome face.

"Charlie, we've got them dead to rights!" he exclaimed. "I reckon you had better go on a little further. I can see that you'll have a good chance to do this, for they can't see through solid rock, that's certain. Just stop the cavalymen back there a little way, while I look around and find where Arietta is."

"Right yer are," the scout answered, and without another word he slipped away, dodging along behind the rocks and crawling upon the ground when necessary.

He did not have to go a very great distance before he saw the cavalymen approaching.

Looking over his shoulder he was able to see the Indian still on the watch, so he felt that it was not good policy to show himself just then.

But there was a high projection a short distance ahead, and once he got to the other side of that he knew it would be all right.

Without losing any time he went on, and when he had reached the other side of the high rock he arose to his feet and then waved his hat for the cavalymen to stop.

He was seen, of course, and his signal was obeyed.

Charlie crept to the edge of the rocky projection and took a look.

The watching Indian was no longer there, and this meant

that he had seen the cavalymen approaching and had left his post to notify the waiting band.

Then he beckoned for them to come on, and half a minute later Captain Smith and his men rode up and came to a halt.

Charlie quickly explained matters to him, and then the captain seized his hand and exclaimed:

"How glad I am that you and Young Wild West overtook us. We surely would have kept right on riding, for from the way things look ahead there is no good place for the Indians to hide."

"You can't see it from here, of course," the scout answered, as he looked over his shoulder. "That's why they stopped there. There's a bend jest about twenty feet this side of the very place they're hidin'. You would have got to the bend an' then the first thing you would have knowed a hailstorm of bullets would be comin' your way. Most likely they would have cleaned up a lot of yer afore you got a chance."

The men all seemed to be much pleased at escaping such a danger, and, forgetting their discipline for the moment, they crowded around the scout and insisted upon shaking him by the hand.

Finally the captain got them in order again, and then looking at Charlie, he asked:

"Did Young Wild West tell you what we were to do?"

"He didn't say a word about that. He jest told me to come back here an' stop yer, that's all. He was goin' to look around an' try an' find out where his sweetheart is. The Injuns have got her, of course."

"Oh! Well, all right. I am going to do exactly as he wants me to. But say! did you see anything of that yellow-painted bull?"

"Not a thing. I s'pose that's gone off somewhere. I reckon if it goes far enough to come up with a herd of cattle it'll start 'em on a stampede."

Then the scout laughed, for he could not help thinking of what a comical sight the yellow bull made.

## CHAPTER X.

### ARIETTA'S DARING ESCAPE.

Arietta was somewhat disheartened when she found that in spite of the very good opportunity she had she was unable to make her escape from the Apaches.

But she did not lose heart even when she found herself being dragged between the rocks.

The Indians had plenty of ponies at their command, and under the orders of old Crooked Hoof a brave mounted one of them and then took the girl up before him.

As she looked around Arietta could see the Indians running on foot and riding from almost every direction.

Just as they got started the sound of a bugle came to her ears.

It was rather faint, but it inspired her so much that she gave utterance to a shout of joy.

The redskins heard the bugle call, too, and they knew what it meant.

The medicine man was just mounting his pony when one of the Apaches came up leading the bull, with two others forcing the animal along.

Crooked Hoof gave a nod of satisfaction, for it seemed as if he really had some faith in the animal, even though he had undoubtedly lied to his followers when he told them that the Great Spirit had made the bull talk to him.

He kept right on, and after him came the stragglers, the bull being forced to run by the prods it received from the sharpened sticks in the hands of those behind it.

The retreat continued, and Arietta kept looking behind every chance she got for those she knew must be in pursuit.

But she saw nothing of them, and after what seemed to be a rather long time the band came to a halt in a gulch, and she knew right away that they meant to wait there in ambush.

Fortunately the girl had not been bound, so she simply waited for the opportunity to run away from her captors.

She failed once, but that did not affect her in the least.

Under the orders of Crooked Hoof the brave girl was dragged back into a nook among the rocks, and two men were left to guard her.

The bull was led up, but by this time it seemed goaded to desperation, and as it began plunging about, one of the redskins holding the rope gave a hard jerk and it came untied from about the beast's neck.

With a wild snort the bull made a plunge from the spot, and as Arietta watched she saw it ascending to the high ground above.

This gave her an idea, for if a bull could run up there she might do the same.



Feeling sure that it would not be more than a few minutes before Young Wild West and his friends reached the scene, she nerved herself to make a dash for liberty.

But first she decided to throw the redskins off their guard, and while they were talking in low, guttural tones as they waited for their pursuers to come in sight, she feigned to be utterly dejected, and covering her face with her hands, gave a good imitation of a girl sobbing from fright and dejection.

The Indians paid no attention to her, and as the girl looked between her fingers and saw that their attention was diverted momentarily, she suddenly sprang to her feet and made a bolt from the spot.

Hands were stretched out to grasp her, but she escaped them all, and striking the natural path that had been followed by the party but a minute or two before, she continued on desperately, pulling herself upward at every opportunity to aid her in making the ascent.

The Indians only ran a short distance, for they were called back by the old medicine man.

No doubt he had good reason for this, for just then he saw the brave he had appointed to watch from above coming hurriedly down.

Probably he thought it much better to let the paleface maiden get away than to miss the opportunity of slaying a lot of cavalymen.

Meanwhile Arietta continued on until she got to the top of the ascent.

Then one of the Indians, who seemed to have formed a liking for the girl, slipped away unobserved by the medicine man and proceeded to follow her.

When the girl got to the top she looked around, and almost the first object her eyes fell upon was the form of her dashing young lover, who was standing close to a rock at the other side of the gulch.

She waved her hand to him, and received an answering wave, and then she started along the top of the cliff, hoping to find a way to get down a little further ahead.

She had not gone more than fifty yards when she suddenly heard a fierce snort close at hand, and then as she turned and looked she saw the yellow bull charging straight toward her.

A new danger threatened the girl, for she realized instantly that the animal had been goaded so much that it was probably maddened by this time, and seeing her with the red bodice she wore, meant to gore her to death, or probably pick her up on its horns and toss her over the cliffs to the rocks below.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to start and run for it.

Arietta did this, and as she looked behind she saw an Indian following the bull.

Straight for the cliff the brave girl ran, looking vainly for a place where she might make a quick descent.

But it seemed that the further she went along the less chance she had, and the bull was so close to her now that she could feel its hot breath upon her neck.

She gave a scream, and then turned straight for the edge of the cliff.

It was lucky that she did this, for while she might not have had the intention to leap over and be dashed to pieces, she surely would have been torn to death if there had not been a stout shrub growing out from the earth and wedged in a crevice of the rock.

Acting on a sudden impulse, she threw herself downward, and, seizing the stout branch, swung herself downward and remained hanging there.

When the redskin saw Arietta disappear, he urged the bull on faster.

The next instant the maddened animal dashed over the cliff.

At that moment Wild and Charlie came riding through the ravine.

The brave girl gave utterance to a cry of joy as she saw the huge animal go flying downward.

She looked as it struck the rocks below, and saw it roll over once, and then lie perfectly still.

Meanwhile, Young Wild West had been able to see the peril of his sweetheart, and he ran quickly for the spot where the horses had been left.

But he was not the only one who had seen Arietta, for Charlie and the cavalymen had, and the scout quickly started back, thinking that Wild did not know that Arietta was being pursued by the yellow bull at the top of the cliff.

Regardless of the fact that he might be seen by the Indians, the scout sped on, and he had nearly succeeded in reaching the horses when two shots rang out.

He heard the bullets as they whizzed past him, but kept right on, and the next minute he met Wild with his horse.

The bugle again sounded. The cavalymen were coming.

They knew exactly where the Indians were now, and riding up close to the angle of rock that obscured them from view, they dismounted, and then the captain gave his orders.

The men crept away behind the rocks and soon a rattling fire was going on, the Indians answering as best they could.

Wild and Charlie rode on until they came to a spot where they might climb to the top of the cliff.

Arietta was still hanging there, but nothing could be seen of the Indian who had given pursuit.

Half way up the cliff, however, Cheyenne Charlie caught sight of him.

He was creeping up as if to either force the girl on downward or pull her up.

The scout paused, and holding fast to a rock, leveled his revolver.

Crack!

As the report rang out the redskin gave a cry and staggered forward, falling over the cliff.

Then Arietta by a desperate effort succeeded in climbing to the top, and when Wild got up there she ran forward and fell into his arms.

The shooting was still going on, and the yells of the redskins were growing less.

"Come, little girl," the young deadshot said, "I reckon we have got to take a little part in this shooting match. Not one of old Crooked Hoof's band must get away."

Then he ran back toward the spot where the Indians were located under the cliff, Arietta and Charlie following him.

When they got almost directly over them they peered over and could see them still shooting away in answer to the fire of the cavalymen.

There were not more than a dozen of them left, and when the scout opened fire upon them Wild did not say a word.

When Charlie had fired three shots the victory was won, for finding they were attacked from above, the Indians quickly gave up, and shouted for quarter.

Wild shouted for the cavalymen to come on, and the next minute they came up on foot and the Indians walked out and threw down their arms.

When Wild, Charlie and Arietta got to the foot of the cliff the victory was complete.

"Well, Young Wild West," Captain Smith exclaimed, joyfully, as he gripped the young deadshot's hand, "we have won out, and not one of my men has even been touched by a bullet. It was all through you that it happened, too. But it was an awful thing to see your sweetheart up there with that mad bull chasing her."

"I reckon it was a daring escape that Arietta made, captain," the boy retorted, as he stepped over and took Arietta by the arm. "But she is something like me. She wasn't born to die young. It matters not whether it's redskins or yellow bulls who are after her, they never succeed in doing her any harm. But where is the old medicine man? I am anxious to have a little talk with him."

"You can talk to him all you like, but I hardly think he'll answer," the captain retorted, with a shrug of the shoulders. "He lies over behind a rock with two or three bullets through him. Rather strange that he should give us a chance to pick him off. But he did."

Wild went over to the spot, and, sure enough, there lay Crooked Hoof in a doubled-up condition, stone dead.

It was found that there were but eleven survivors, and some of the horses had been shot.

But this mattered not.

There was not one of the cavalymen who did not feel that it would have been a good thing if the whole band had been cleaned up to a man.

There is nothing more to add to our story, so we will simply state that Young Wild West and his friends accompanied the cavalymen to Fort Defiance, and that in due time the captured Indians were punished in accordance with the army regulations.

But the outbreak had come to a quick end, and it was one thing certain that Crooked Hoof, the medicine man, would never cause another.

Next week's issue will contain "YOUNG WILD WEST SURROUNDED BY DEATH; OR, THE SEVEN DYNAMITE STICK."

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## CURRENT NEWS

It would be interesting to know if any part of the world beats Iceland in the average length of life of its inhabitants. On an average the people of that island live to the age of 61.8 years, which is very nearly double the mean duration of human life as it was computed a generation ago. Sweden and Norway are regarded as very healthy countries, but Iceland takes the palm in longevity, the mean duration of life in Sweden being 50.02 years and in Norway 49.94 years.

Conservative historians among the Chinese now claim for their race an antiquity of at least 100,000 years, while those whose estimates are a little "wild" assert that the Chinese were the original inhabitants of the earth and that Chinese history goes back at least 500,000,000 years. The government records of China place the foundation of the empire at 2500 B. C., and claim that it was established by Tohi, who, they assert, is the Noah mentioned in the book of Genesis B. C. 2240.

John Geroviani, thirty years old, of Hackensack, N. J., employed in the Continental Paper Company plant at Bogota, was caught the other afternoon between two rolls of paper and was crushed or smothered to death. It was his work to remain under the rolls of new made paper and pick up the broken pieces. A bulge in one of the rolls caused one of the men to investigate and Geroviani was found dangling from between two rolls. The plant closed down after the accident. Geroviani leaves a family.

Two Japanese officers, Lieutenants Tokuda and Kimura, were killed while giving an exhibition flight in an aeroplane before a large gathering of Members of Parliament. Their machines broke down when making a turn at a height of 1,000 feet, and they were dashed to the ground. Lieutenant Bressard, a French army officer, was killed while making a flight in an aeroplane at Verdon, France, March 28th. His motor burst when he was at a height of 2,500 feet. The machine crumpled up and the aviator was found dead in the debris.

For a long time it has been noted that smokers are relatively immune to certain epidemic sicknesses, especially cholera. Dr. Wenck, professor of the Imperial Institute of Berlin, has found that by manipulating cigars in water containing 1,500,000 cholera bacilli per cubic centimeter the microbes were destroyed in the course of twenty-four hours. The same doctor has proved that tobacco smoke rapidly kills the cholera germ. In a tobacco factory in Hamburg not a single case of cholera was found among the workers during the last great epidemic, though they lived in districts most affected by the plague.

Blind in one eye since birth, losing the other by accident, and then discovering that the sight of the blind one had returned, is the strange experience of Severin H. Hermanson, of Marinette, Wis. In a recent sleigh ride tipover, a

sliver penetrated the eyeball of the "good" eye and also the brain. Doctors said that he would never see again, for the sight of the "good" eye was gone. However, when the bandages were removed, Hermanson picked up a newspaper and began to read. To his own and the doctors' amazement it was found that the sight of the "bad" eye was excellent, but that of the "good" was gone. It is believed that the sliver struck a nerve when it entered the brain and performed an operation on the "bad" eye.

If the bill introduced by Senator White, of Jefferson County, Ark., is enacted into a law, it will be unlawful to employ young girls at cigar stands in that State in the future. The Little Rock Juvenile Court has had several distressing cases before it recently traced directly to the employment of girls in cigar stands. Three young girls were taken before the court by their parents, who told pitiful stories of moral delinquencies of their children caused by being employed in such places. County Judge Asher, who presides over the Juvenile Court, and Mayor Taylor held a conference, with the result that efforts will be made to get the Legislature to enact a law prohibiting the employment of young girls in cigar stands of the State.

Miss Flossie Lester, a stenographer, was marooned with several men in a moving van in Edgemont, a suburb of Dayton, Ohio, when the flood broke. Eventually the van was overturned and the party was thrown into the icy waters. The van horses broke loose and separated, swimming for their lives. One of them passed close to the woman, who grasped a dangling strap and succeeded in climbing astride. For more than a mile and a half Miss Lester clung with her arms about the horse's neck until at last he reached a high approach of the levee near a farm house. Here she dropped to the ground unconscious and was taken in by the farmer's family. The horse was taken to the barn. Miss Lester told rescuers that she will buy the horse if its owner can be found.

To preserve and develop the wonderful music of the American Indians, now fast disappearing with the passing of the race, Secretary of the Interior Lane appointed Geoffry O'Hara, a composer, as an instructor in music under the Bureau of Indian Affairs. It will be Mr. O'Hara's duty to record native Indian music and arrange it for use in the Indian schools. He is to live in reservations with the Indians and obtain a record of the music, and with this as a basis cultivate the use of the Indian songs in the schools. In his letter directing the appointment of Mr. O'Hara Secretary Lane said: "I think that it is the part of wisdom to develop in the young Indians an increased respect for all those things of beauty which their fathers produced. Our effort should be to make this generation proud of their ancestors and to keep alive in them the memory of their wholesome legends and their aboriginal arts."



# DICK DONNELLY'S FORTUNE

—OR—

## THE BOY RANCHMAN OF TEXAS

By DICK ELLISON

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XI. (Continued)

"Well, I hardly know," Dick answered. "I ran off with the stampede, and next day climbed down into a canyon, and found my way into a cavern that is inhabited."

"A cavern inhabited?"

"Yes."

"Who inhabits it?"

"A set of demons, who tried to kill me, but I managed to escape."

A puzzled look came over Benny's face, and he said:

"Dick, don't you know that I think there is an awful sight of mystery about this place? This ranch business of yours, the cowboys, and the stampede are all a great big, whopping mystery to me."

"It is all a mystery to me, Benny."

"Now, those fellows could have saved you that night if they had tried."

"The night of the stampede?"

"Yes."

"How could they have saved me?"

"I tell you, Dick, they wanted to start a stampede, and they did start that one, and get the cattle to running and bellowing, so hat you might be run down and killed. They should have taken the lead in milling the stampede, but no, that was not their plan. They let you push out and start after the cattle, and now suppose you are dead."

"Well, Benny, tell me about yourself, and what you are doing here alone?"

"I am trying to find my way somewhere," Benny answered.

"And where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Where are the others?"

"That I don't know."

"When did you part company with them?"

"It was yesterday morning, just before the break of day."

"Why did you?"

"Well, I believed that they wanted to get rid of me; that they wanted to kill me, and so I left them while they slept. I may do them wrong, but I learned enough to know that my company was not desirable, and so I pulled out and left them as the eastern sky grew gray with early dawn."

"Why, Benny, what you tell me is interesting. Go on and tell me more. What did you overhear them say?"

"Well, Dick, what they said wasn't very much to your credit, of that you can be sure. I noticed they were talking in small groups about the camp fire, and were nodding and whispering and talking in such a way that would arouse anybody's suspicion. Of course they wouldn't say anything in my presence, and I couldn't for a long time get on to what they were talking about."

"At last we all rolled up in our ponchos and went to sleep. At least I did, and I suppose the cowboys did, for they seemed to do so. One was left out on guard to watch over the cattle that was saved from plunging over the cliff."

"It must have been about three or four o'clock in the morning when I awoke suddenly by hearing some one calling to some one to halt. I just lay still, as if I were asleep, and listened, and it paid me to do so. I soon learned that the sentry had stopped some one else to the camp, and in a few moments he came in with him. They were both talking in low tones, but I could catch every word. The one I knew as the guard said:

"So Dick got away?"

"Yes," the other answered.

"Well, we thought he went over the cliff with the cattle."

"But he didn't. He's alive to-day, and we will have more trouble from him yet."

"I have been afraid he would give us trouble."

"How does he take that rot about his owning the ranch; all right."

"Yes, and he will own it unless we can fix him."

"Why don't they finish the old man, and be done with it?"

"The old man refuses to sign."

"Now, Dick, what old man is it, and what is it that he refuses to sign? And tell me if you have a ranch or not?"

"I don't know anything about it, Benny. It is all a great mystery to me, and I have never been able to penetrate any part of it."

"Dick, I believe, from what I heard and what you have told me, that you are the legal heir to the ranch, and that they are trying to swindle you out of your rights."

"But what could they mean about the old man signing?"

"That I don't know."

"Benny, I believe I do."



"Then what is your idea of it?"

"It means that my uncle is not dead."

"Not dead? Why, didn't they tell you he was dead and buried and his will probated?"

"Yes, but that was only a sham. If they are trying to force him to sign something, it is some paper, or a will that will transfer all this vast property in the western part of Texas to them. I heard something drop from the wild men in the cavern that is in harmony with that idea; and I have another mystery to explain or ferret out."

"What is it?"

Dick told him of the mysterious stone house where he had seen the beautiful lady a prisoner.

"What was she like, Dick?"

Dick then described her as a woman with large, dark eyes, and a face that was sad, and told how she had said she was a prisoner.

"Dick, I want to see that woman," said Benny; "I must see her."

"We will both see her. I have sworn that I will give her her liberty, and I will do it, if I lose my life in the attempt."

"Dick, I am with you. I will stay by you to the end," declared Benny.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CAPTIVES.

Dick Donnelly took the extended hand of the boy and looked him in the face. He could not forget that he had been treacherous to him once, and he was asking himself if he dared trust him again.

"I believe I can trust you, Benny, though you did me a great wrong, and had me placed in jail for a crime of which I was entirely innocent."

"Oh, well, that's all past, Dick," said Benny. "I did want the schoolmaster's watch, because our uncle gives us no money, and sometimes Sister Bessie and I are in need. Well, I did try to take it, and when you took it from me, I had nothing to do but give you away. I had to lie to save myself."

"Yes, and Zack Bragg took great pains to see that the schoolmaster knew all about it."

"I know it."

"He professed to be my friend, but he was deceiving me, and really was my worst enemy."

Benny was thoughtful for a moment, and then said:

"It's always the way, Dick. Sometimes when we think we have a friend we can swear by he turns out to be an enemy."

"Benny, our interests are identical. While we are here the men at the ranch and in the cave—and I believe they are all the same gang—will try to kill both of us. They have reasons for putting me out of the way, and they will not trust you. They will kill you to keep you from telling on them," said Dick.

"I know it, and that is the reason that I will stand in with you, Dick. I have got to do it, if I want to save my bacon," Benny answered.

The boys had but one horse between them, but they decided that they would ride and walk by turns, and thus were enabled to rest each other very much.

When night came they reached a grove of timber in which was a spring of clear water bubbling out of the rocky wall of a little ravine. Dick proposed that they camp there for the night.

"All right, Dick; whatever you say goes," declared Benny, who was on the horse when they reached the place. "Hello, Dick! What does that mean?"

"What?"

"I see two horsemen out on the plain."

"Where?"

"Off in that direction," said Benny, pointing toward the setting sun.

Dick, being on the ground, was too low down to see them, and Benny suggested that he mount the horse. He did so, and saw about two miles away on the plain two men on horseback.

They had halted, and one of them seemed to be adjusting a pair of field glasses to his eyes to look at him.

"You are right, Benny; they are white men."

"Do they see us?" asked Benny.

"I believe they do." Then Dick waved his hat to attract their attention.

"Are they paying any attention to you?" asked Benny. "No."

"What are they doing?"

"They seem to be going away in an opposite direction."

"Dick, that is strange."

"It is very strange, Benny."

"Do you suppose they saw you?"

"Oh, yes, they must have seen me. But they don't want to come here for some reason. They are white men, too; of that I am certain. Now, if they were Indians I might find some excuse for their strange conduct, but they being white men, I can't."

"Well, let them go; if they don't want to associate with us, let them go," said Benny, somewhat disgusted.

The boys made a camp fire, for Benny had some matches in his vest pocket which had not been spoiled.

"Dick, who do you think those fellows are?" asked Benny.

"I believe they are some of those mysterious cowboys who have taken it into their heads to kill me," said Dick.

"That was just what I was thinking," said Benny. "But say, Dick, if they wanted to kill you, why haven't they done it long ago? When you were at the ranch they could have killed you."

"That is another wing of this strange mystery, Benny, and there is only one way that I can account for their not doing so, and that is that they wanted my death to seem wholly an accident. Evidently they are afraid that if it would be learned that I was killed by some of them, the matter would be investigated by the law."

"I guess they are afraid to kill a fellow outright, but if they can do it accidentally, they will be safe. It's a blamed cowardly way they have of doing things, anyway."

( To be Continued )



## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### BED OF FULLER'S EARTH FOUND.

An extensive deposit of fuller's earth has been discovered on the shore of Gatun Lake near Gatun, Panama. Superficial examinations indicate that it is of the best quality and one of the most extensive found anywhere.

It lies so close to the water's edge that the construction of a railway to connect the deposit with a wharf would cost but little, while the wharf itself could be built on the edge of the lake within a few feet of deep water. The deposit is on land owned by the United States government.

Fuller's earth is used in the manufacture of woollen goods and in removing grease from fabrics of wool. The largest deposits are found in England, and it is imported into the United States. The peculiar value of the deposit lies in its location on the edge of Gatun Lake. It may enter largely into the solution of the problem of "return cargo" for ships that carry coal from Hampton Roads to Panama.

### LEATHER BEING INVENTED.

One of the latest German patents protects a method of preparing a substance which it is asserted can be used as a substitute for leather. This "all leather" substance is prepared from a special mildew or fungus grown on gelatine or a similar substance. Various kinds of fungi can be grown by planting their spores on the gelatine surface and then keeping the surface wet. Some of the growths are colorless, others have red, brown, gray or even bluish tints, and all the lighter shades seem capable of taking dye. The leather produced up to now has been thin, very soft and rather weak. The inventors are, however, now working to get a stronger material by the addition of white of egg or glue, by means of which it is hoped that several thin layers of the new product may be tanned together and that there will be no limit to the thickness of the new material.

### MOLE CATCHING IN HOLLAND.

According to Vice Consul D. P. De Young, stationed at Amsterdam, Holland, a new industry has sprung into prominence in that consular district in the last year or two. It is the catching and skinning of moles for their fur, which is soft and velvety and substitutes well for seal. One shipper of that district cleared \$75,000 in 1912 in these skins alone. The fact is, according to Mr. De Young, that an animal that was formerly looked on by the farmer as a pest has suddenly become a valuable commercial asset. Farmers are paid from 10 to 15 cents (American currency) for each skin.

Great quantities of mole skins are shipped to the United States and other countries, and the mole is consequently becoming extinct in Holland. In fact, it is thought that a new law will have to be passed to regulate their killing, as scientific opinions in that country differ regarding the harmfulness of these animals. Some say that the vermin

they destroy more than offsets the harm done by them to the roots of plants.

Hides and skins exported to the United States from the Amsterdam consular district increased from less than \$50,000 in 1911 to slightly over \$1,000,000 in 1912, for which increase the moleskin business was largely responsible.

### WAR DOGS GUARD RAILROADS.

After several attempts had been made to damage the railways used for the transportation of Greek troops into Turkish territory dogs were employed to guard the lines, the Greek government being unable to spare soldiers for the purpose. The results were excellent. At Laissa in particular the entire railroad line was efficaciously protected by dogs.

So much interest has been aroused in Europe by this new use for dogs and the success of the experiment that reports have been officially asked for by the various European military authorities concerning the special training of the dogs.

For several years perfectly trained police dogs have been found invaluable in Paris and they have been assigned to important duties. All along the banks of the Seine dogs watch for accidents. If a careless passenger or an unwary boatman falls off one of the many boats and barges plying constantly up and down the Seine one of the big, beautiful Newfoundland river guards bounds into the water to the rescue, barking to give the alarm and often swimming with the limp body to the shore. Even the bridges are closely watched by the dogs, for from the Seine bridges many despairing men and women leap into the river, hoping thus to end their misery.

It is now believed that countless railway wrecks due to deliberate design during labor troubles could be prevented if railroad sections were policed by dogs. Their efficacy in this duty has been unquestionably proved in the Balkan war.

Dogs are now used to escort prisoners to and from jail in Paris. They will courageously attack their enemy even when fired upon, as a notorious bandit found to his cost during a recent struggle to escape while being conveyed to trial. This is a result obtained by careful training.

How to defend his master is another important lesson taught the police dog. The dog must snarl and bite as soon as an attempt to hold up his master is made. In this the police dog is developing marvellous qualities.

Guarding property is another of the police dog's duties, and in this also he has proved himself an adept. Articles left in his care are safe and faithfully watched.

His moral training forms as much of a police dog's education as his professional lessons. He is taught to be honest and faithful and not to accept a bribe. The latter is important because poisoned meat is often offered to these dogs. The police dog soon learns to eat nothing but what his master serves him and is an example to many men in his resistance to temptation.



# FIGHTING WITH GOMEZ

—OR—

## TEXAS COWBOYS IN CUBA

By "PAWNEE JACK"

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XI. (Continued)

"I should be glad to rest, senor," said the leader of the three strangers, "but we are in the hands of Senor Crane."

"We will accept your kind offer, senor," and Jed bowed to the old man as he spoke.

The two sisters and the house servants at once began preparations to entertain the guests. Jed went out to the gate and told the boys what was going on.

"Three men from Weyler to see Gomez, eh!" said Jack Taylor. "Does that mean an attempt to patch up a peace?"

"Hanged if I know. We'll escort them to camp to-morrow, and let the general settle that point."

"But maybe the general would object to having them come in and see his camp. You had better send word to him and ask for instructions."

"That's a good idea! Who of you will ride back and tell him about it?"

"I will," said Joe Bledsoe.

"Then feed your horse, eat a good dinner and be off!"

An hour later Joe was off, and the others settled down to enjoy themselves until he came back.

One of the strangers saw Joe leave, and reported it to his two companions. The elderly gentleman came to Jed in great trepidation and asked if he had sent one of his men away.

"Yes," was the reply; "I sent him to General Gomez to find out if he would see you, and where. I am not such a fool as to take you into his camp without his permission."

"Do you think he will see us?"

"I do. I wanted to let him know you were here for the purpose of seeing him, and for him to give me instructions as to when he would see you. I will see that you are protected as long as you are inside our lines."

"But we are not inside your lines, senor."

"I beg pardon. You are actually under my guns," and Jed smiled.

"Oh, you consider your handful of men an army, do you?"

"Well, yes—as against Spaniards. Colonel Navarro thinks we are worse than an army. He swore at us in seven different languages."

They smiled, and one asked:

"How many languages do you speak, senor?"

"Four only."

Christobel looked at him in amazement, surprised at his accomplishments.

"What are they, senor?"

"Choctaw, Cherokee, United States and Spanish."

"Choctaw! Cherokee!" repeated the elderly gentleman. "I never heard of them!"

"They are American Indians."

There was an explosion, and from that moment a good feeling existed between them. They talked of many things. One of the three men was a very highly-educated man. Jed had read but little of the world's literature, but he was endowed with a fund of wit and sound horse sense.

Senor Manola entertained them royally. The dinner was quite a feast, graced by the two beautiful daughters of the host.

The meal over, Jed managed to get Christobel out on the piazza, and had a long talk with her. Jack Taylor, who figured as second in command, was with Anita, the elder sister.

Suddenly they were startled by the sound of a bugle a mile away.

"To horse, men!" cried Jed, springing to his feet. "Senorita, that comes from Spanish cavalry! We must get out of the way till we know something of their force."

### CHAPTER XII.

"WITH THE LASSO, SENOR."

The Texans hastened to their horses, sprang into the saddle, and dashed off for a piece of woods some 200 yards to the left of the Manola Mansion. The host, his two daughters and three guests stood on the piazza and gazed at them till they were hidden from view in the timber. Ten minutes later a body of 100 Spanish cavalry dashed up to the front of the house. Their leader, a major, dismounted and went up to the party on the piazza. He seemed to recognize the eldest of the three men, for he saluted him with great deference, saying:

"I am sent to protect you, senor."

"It is entirely unnecessary, major, as we are now under the protection of Senor Crane, of the insurgent army, who is awaiting instructions from Gomez."

"He is an outlaw with a price on his head, senor."



"Nevertheless I am under his protection, and am satisfied with it."

"Where is he?"

"He was here when he heard your bugle. Then he and his men went away."

"Ah! Fled at the sound of a bugle!" sneered the major. "Which way did he go?"

"I can give you no information, major. I accepted his escort to the camp of Gomez and am therefore unable to give you any."

"I'll find out from some one on the place," was the angry officer's reply.

"I protest against any interference with my mission," said the elderly man, with some degree of warmth.

"You had no right to accept the protection of an outlaw!"

"They are all outlaws."

"But this one has a price on his head."

"Ah! That is what you are after! Such men as you have made the name of Spain a stench with honorable men!" and the face of the elderly man was a picture to look at. He was boiling over with indignation.

By this time the trail of the Texans was found by some of the cavalymen. The major, eager to distinguish himself and get the reward, remounted his horse and led the charge toward the woods in which the Texans had taken refuge.

C-r-r-rack!

The Texans were there.

A dozen cavalymen tumbled from their saddles; but the others pressed on.

C-r-r-rack!

The repeating rifles in the hands of the cowboys were not playthings, and so another batch tumbled to the dust. Still they dashed on up to the very edge of the woods.

C-r-r-rack!

The deadly revolvers were popping now. The Spaniards could not see a man, but were targets for bullets. In less than five minutes one-half the cavalymen were down. While they had revolvers, too, they could see no one to shoot at. Even if they did, they were not dead shots, like the Texans, who could hit the bull's-eye whilst riding at full speed.

The major was doing his best when a long, thin coil shot out of the thicket and fell about his shoulders. The next instant he was jerked off his feet and dragged into the woods. His men made a rush to save him, but the incessant popping of the revolvers soon sent them flying. They scattered and fled, reorganizing in front of the house.

"As I live, half or more are killed," exclaimed the elder commissioner, for such we will call him, as he saw the remnant of cavalymen in the road.

"It is awful," said Senor Manola. "Those Americanos are terrible fighters. They fear nothing on earth."

"Why don't you rally your men?" the commissioner called out to those in the road.

"The bugler is not here," replied a soldier.

"Have you no officer?"

"Not here, senor."

A sergeant was the highest officer left out of a major,

two captains and four lieutenants. He took command and seemed at a loss to know what to do.

It would not do to go back there to those woods. They had been too near them already.

Suddenly the Texans were seen leading their horses out of the woods and leaping into the saddle.

"They are going to charge! Only a dozen of them!"

So they did. The cavalymen fled in a panic, going back in the direction they had come.

The Texans pursued them a few miles and then came back.

But while they were gone Tom Huff came out of the woods on foot, accompanied by the major on foot also, as his prisoner.

He had lassoed him.

He led him up to the house.

The party there had never left the piazza for a moment after the fight began. They had seen all.

"You had your way about it, major," said the commissioner, "and you are duly punished. How did you catch him, Senor Americano?"

"With the lasso, senor. We catch cattle that way in Texas."

Jed and the others came back inside of an hour, and the major was taken in hand.

"Did you know I had taken charge of those three gentlemen there to escort them to the camp of General Gomez?" Jed asked him.

"Yes; why did you attack me?"

"Because you are an outlaw."

"Ah! Outlaws are not bound by law, therefore you will be hanged."

"You dare not do it. I am a Spanish officer."

"Those are the only kind we hang these days. Tom, take him off up the road there, out of sight of the house, and hang him up!"

"Come along, sir," said Tom, pulling him around roughly.

"I protest! I——"

"Bah! What's the use of protesting to outlaws. Take him away, Tom!"

"Senor Americano!" called out the leader of the three men, "General Weyler will have him shot if you will let him have a chance to do so."

"I beg pardon, senor, but I have no faith in Weyler at all. We are able to do our own business."

The three men then turned to the two sisters to beg the major's life of the young Texan. They both went to Jed, but he was firm.

"He is a brute—a typical Spanish officer," he said. "Captured in honorable battle, I would have treated him courteously. But under the circumstances he must hang. You ladies would beg for the life of Old Nick himself were he to be hanged. You can't help being tender hearted. It is well that you are. I am a little that way myself; but this is a case where death is the penalty and die he shall! Away with him, Tom!"

Tom and four others led the doomed major away, the others looking on with blanched faces.

( To be Continued )



## TIMELY TOPICS

Health Commissioner Lederle, of New York, wants \$66,400 to fight mosquitoes. Of this \$25,000 is wanted for Brooklyn. The Park Board will drain the marshes at Pelham Bay this year as part of the anti-mosquito campaign.

Three thousand girl stenographers have signed a petition circulated in Montreal protesting against the portrayal of members of their craft in moving pictures as chewers of gum and wearers of "rats." The petition will be sent to the makers of moving picture films in Canada and the United States.

According to figures which have just been issued by the German government, 120 motor "road trains" have been subsidized for the year 1913 by the kingdom of Prussia, and 15 by Bavaria. This number added to the 690 which were under the control of the government in 1912, there are now 825 of these motor vehicles at the disposal of the German military authorities in case of war.

John B. Franklin, of Jamesburg, N. J., has had all his chickens stolen but one. He proposes to lay the cornerstone of a burglar-proof chicken-house of granite for that hen. It will have double barred and locked windows and door and will be fitted with an electric alarm system. A sign posted on his gate invites "all chicken thieves" to attend the ceremonies.

Miss Florence Markham, of Interlaken, Mass., March 21st, received a four-year contract for carrying the mail between Interlaken and Stockbridge. Since 1889, when she was seventeen years old, she has carried the mails between these places, covering in all 86,400 miles. Miss Markham receives \$300 a year. She was paid \$150 a year when she began. She says she has no time for afternoon teas and receptions, as she covers the distance, three miles, each way twice a day. One horse, Fanny, she has driven for sixteen years.

With a catch of 36,000 seals the steamer Stephano returned to St. Johns, N. F., March 30th, the first of the sealing fleet operators in Newfoundland waters to report. She brought news that the Nascopie had 27,000 fish; the Florizel, 22,000; the Sagona 23,000; the Eagle, 12,000; the Bellaventure, 10,000; the Bonaventure 8,000, and the Adventure, 7,000. Others of the fleet had poor luck. Advices from the four ships sealing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence indicate that the prospects for a good season are excellent.

More than a hundred passengers on a Michigan Central train, bound from Kalamazoo, Mich., to Chicago, rode several miles at top speed March 30th with an unconscious and dying engineer at the throttle. As the train pulled into Hammond, Ind., Joseph Gondert, the fireman, was driving the engine with one hand and holding the engineer, John Bentley, propped up with the other. Bentley died as the wheels stopped moving. The fireman said

Bentley had complained of a severe pain in his stomach while at Niles. Just before reaching Hammond he noticed that the train had not slowed down as usual. He then discovered the engineer's condition.

### CYCLING RIVALS AUTO.

What is more bracing than a fifteen-minute bicycle ride in the invigorating morning air?

More people are taking to the bicycle as a means of exercise than ever before.

To the man who is tied up in an office six days out of every week, a bicycle ride before and after work each day, and into the country on Sunday, braces him up for his work; he sees the beauty of Nature, and has a better understanding of Her.

Exercise before breakfast each morning starts one off for the day with clear eyes, and a clean brain. And a clear brain is necessary these days.

The demand for bicycles during 1913 will be larger than ever, we learn from the Mead Cycle Company, the largest bicycle manufacturers in the world, who are making preparations to fill the demand.

"Our twenty-seven years' experience has enabled us each year to make our bicycles just a little better," said a prominent official of the company. "People who buy bicycles to-day expect to get their money's worth in service. Our bicycles are built for hard service—and they give it. We are particular to see that every part that goes into each bicycle is up to our high standard. As an illustration of what may be expected of our bicycles, a seven-year-old stock machine, ridden by Marcel Planes—a twenty-one-year-old boy—won the 'Century Competition' race held in England in 1911, by covering 33,200 miles, breaking the world's record for a year's checked riding by several thousand miles.

"An explanation of how these races are held may be of interest. 'Cycling,' a weekly published in England for those interested in bicycling, promotes each year what are called 'Century Competitions.'

"The idea is this: Over the entire kingdom 100-mile routes are planned. The rider who covers the most 100-mile, or century routes, in one year, is the recipient of a highly prized gold medal. Each century must be ridden within twenty-four hours, and only the 100-mile unit is figured in the competition. Shorter distances are not recorded. All along the routes are stations where detailed men check up the card of each rider to prove he has passed such and such a section of the route. These route cards are turned in weekly and credited to the score of the competitor."

A bicycle that isn't built for racing, but covers 33,200 miles in its seventh year, certainly speaks well for the company that made it—Mead Cycle Company—and those expecting to invest in a bicycle should write the Mead people at Chicago for their 1913 catalogue, which, by the way, is the most comprehensive ever issued by this well-known bicycle company.



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## GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Maria Tom, a gypsy of Atlanta, Ga., is 108 years old and expects to live another century if her pipe isn't broken. She credits her long life to smoking, and is never without her pipe in waking hours.

A pet leghorn hen is blamed for the deaths of Herman F. Muller and his wife, found asphyxiated in their home in Passaic. It was a pet of the old couple and roosted on a gas bracket above their bed. It is supposed she clutched the valve and opened it.

A carload of wild elk from Wyoming passed through St. Anthony, Idaho, March 22d, for Joseph, Ore. The shipment is in charge of a deputy warden from Oregon. The elk are all young and the men in charge say they are even better than the herd received last year in Oregon. They will be placed in the big pasture in Oregon.

The first Chinese service ever held in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was held recently in the Belmont Chapel, one of the seven "Chapels of the Tongues." This Holy Communion was the Chinese celebration of Easter, and it is believed this was the first sacrament observed in any Episcopal Church of this country in the Chinese language, and for an exclusively Chinese audience.

A recent report issued by the California State Fish and Game Commission says that there is a scarcity of grizzly bears in that state, there being not more than a half-dozen known of all the hundreds who formerly roamed the woods. The statement is also made that 10,000 deer are killed annually in the state by hunters and twice that number by mountain lions, coyotes and other wild animals.

That where the Sierra Nevada mountains are now situated a semi-tropical land once existed is evidenced by fossil remains of semi-tropical trees unearthed by R. L. Andrews. Andrews, who is a mining man, reports that palms as perfect as any growing in Oreville were found. Other trees resembling magnolias and palmettos were traced. The geological formation in which the trees were found was that of the late neocene period. The fossils were discovered in lava 200 feet below surface.

Fourteen inches of water, amounting to over 1,000,000,000 gallons, rolled to waste down the spillway at Cornell dam on the New York City water works at Croton the other day. This is just double the amount of surplus a week ago. The volume of water in Croton reservoir has broken all records. The greatest overflow ever recorded before occurred in the spring of 1910, when ten inches of water splashed over the spillway. The water lost, at the rate charged by the city to consumers, is worth \$133,000. The waste continues to increase, notwithstanding the fact that the city is daily drawing over 300,000,000 gallons out of the basin. Forty or fifty billion gallons of water will be lost all told by May 1st, is the prediction.

## GRINS AND CHUCKLES

Native—Do you like prunes? Visiting Foreigner—Prunes? What are they? Native—Prunes are raisins with the dropsy.

Struggling Pastor—The collections have fallen off terribly. Practical Wife—It's that new vestryman who passes the plate. He never watches what people put in.

"Only a lock of golden hair," the lover sighed. "Perchance to-night it formeth on her pillow a halo bright." "Only a lock of golden hair," the maiden, smiling sweetly, said, as she laid it over the back of a chair and went to bed.

"How did Biggs take the news of his wife running away?" "Calmly enough. He seemed glad that the man she ran away with was Graftmann." "Why so?" "Graftmann, he said, was never known to return anything yet."

"Cholly—I'm tired of letting paw support me, and I've made up me mind to become independent of him, don't you know. Miss Bullion—I think that a very noble ambition. Cholly—Yaas. I've determined to settle down and marry some nice girl like you, don't you know."

"Why," boasted the seedy-looking actor, "I played Hamlet once." "Is that so?" queried the doubting theatrical manager. "Did you have a long run?" "Long run?" replied the actor, with a gasp of reminiscent horror, "I should say I did! It was seven miles to the depot."

Young Reporter—The storm king hurled his torn and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice. Old Editor—What's that? What do you mean, young fellow? Young Reporter—I—er—the flood washed away Patrick McDougal's old soap factory.

The Sunday-school teacher had read the day's Scripture lesson to the class, and she began asking questions to see how attentively the young girls had followed her. "And what," she asked, "is the lesson taught us in the parable of the seven wise virgins?" Eleven-year-old Ruth held up her hand. "That we should always be on the lookout for a bridegroom."



## THE SILVER SCIMITER.

By Paul Braddon.

"If you please, Sir Archie, one of our scouts has just come in with the report that the Afghans, five hundred strong, are intrenching the last road to Kandahar. It is also reported that Hadji Kalroonah, or the Silver Scimiter, as he is known to us, is at the head of the party."

The speaker was a tall, handsome young English orderly of Sir Archibald Hamilton's staff. The right wing of the attacking army, which had been for so many weeks dwindling and dying under the fierce rays of the Afghan-istan sun, was under Sir Archie's command.

"Who is your scout, Hasleton? Show him in here. Some lying Sepoy, I presume."

"I think the fellow speaks the truth, sir. I believe he is a Sepoy, sir."

The orderly threw back the flap of the tent, and an athletic, dark-featured, handsome fellow in the garb of a Sepoy entered. He paused a moment, stood quite still until the orderly by a wave of Sir Archie's hand had been dismissed.

"Well, you dusky rascal, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the bluff Briton as he confronted the presumed scout.

Without a word, the fellow made a sudden change in his person. It was a startling metamorphosis.

He threw off turban, wig and beard. Then he laid aside his robe and stood revealed an entirely different personage.

Sir Archie recoiled.

"Zounds!" he exclaimed hastily. "As I live, it is Ray, the Yankee lieutenant?"

"At your service, general," said the American, with a low bow and a smile. "My disguise was quite perfect then, was it not?"

"Perfect!" gasped Sir Archie. "I should say so. But what have you been doing, Ray? You surely have not invaded the enemy's camp in that disguise?"

"I have been even into Hadji Kalroonah's tent," replied the Yankee lieutenant. "And I also bring you news of the latest atrocious massacre by the Silver Scimiter."

"Blow it, man! but you have nerve," cried the English commander. "Not another man in the Indian service would dare do this you have done. What then, is it true that Kalroonah is fortifying the east road?"

"As true as the law of Moses," replied Charles Ray, the young lieutenant in foreign service. "They are planning an ambush for the advance column to-morrow morning. The division which advances on Kandahar by that road will never live to see camp again, or even the walls of the heathen city unless——"

"Well?"

"Unless you will agree to a little proposition which I have to make."

"Name it," he said, briefly.

"I understand," said Ray, coolly, "that the English Crown has offered a reward of ten thousand pounds for

the head of Hadji Kalroonah, the Silver Scimiter of Afghanistan."

"You are right."

"At home in far America I have a sweetheart," went on the Yankee lieutenant. "I have also an aged mother. I have tired of fighting. I am anxious to get home. One reason for this is that I have received intelligence that a rascally money-lender has got a grip on my old home and will turn my mother out of doors. I can get excused from the service now, for my time is long past expired. That reward of ten thousand pounds would in my country give me a fair start in a new life."

"And what do you require to accomplish your purpose?" he asked, tersely.

"One hundred infantry and two field pieces," replied Ray, promptly.

Sir Archie brought one hand down forcibly upon his knee.

"It is done," he cried sternly. "We shall see how you keep your word. Orderly!"

"Aye, sir," replied the orderly, rushing in.

"Order out two detachments of artillery, one gun each, and one hundred of the Scottish Guard. Parade by my tent."

It was not twenty minutes later when the devoted band of men who were to be sent against the Afghan horde paraded by Sir Archie's tent. Lieutenant Ray came swinging upon a gray horse and placed himself at the head of the column.

Very soon they were on the east road to Kandahar. They had passed beyond the picket lines before they suspected that they were going into action.

Then a murmur ran along the line. The Yankee lieutenant heard and understood it. It was an expectant query which he could not disregard.

He heeded it not, however, until they had come to a bend in the road. What was beyond that bend only himself knew.

Then he called a halt and reined in his horse before the Highland veterans. Drawing his sword he waved it aloft, and in a trumpet voice cried:

"Soldiers! I knew that I need not tell you the truth that we are seeking a battle. You have already guessed it. I feel that I need not adjure you to be firm, to flinch not, for the Scottish Guards know no fear. They never turn back. They die, but never surrender!"

Wild cheers went along the line. The words and the act were enough to inspire them to face any danger.

Forward they went and turned the angle in the road. Nothing of danger was visible in the distance, but suddenly a rifle ball came along and took one brave fellow out of the ranks.

"Deploy right! File left!" came the ringing orders, and the men scattered in the line of battle.

"Forward the guns!"

The cannon came dashing forward and gained a little eminence near. The guns had barely been unlimbered when a hot shot came down from the road above, killing a man and wounding a horse.

The enemy's position was located just ahead in a cor-



ner of trees and firing was begun. As fast as the guns could be charged they were fired with the purpose of clearing the woods if possible.

It was an exciting moment. An ordinary man would have been confused, but not so Lieutenant Ray.

While the artillery was making the fight with the foe and diverting their attention, he called his little company into a double-quick march around the base of the hill and under the cover of a ridge of land to outflank the enemy and attack their rear.

On went the heroic little band. The Scots, with their plaids and tartans waving in the wind, stalwart fellows, all followed their daring leader.

Now they had passed along the ridge, gained its summit, and were charging across a little plateau.

There were a few shouts of alarm, pickets were driven in, and then they saw the enemy's camp. White tents were visible, and an enormous body of men, whom Ray saw with a chill must number double the estimated number.

But there was no turning back now.

The Rubicon was crossed; to falter was to become lost. The Yankee lieutenant's ringing command went down the line:

"Fix bayonets! Charge!"

Down upon the Afghan camp swept that heroic little band. It created consternation in spite of its lesser strength.

The foe saw the line of Highlanders coming through the thicket on the bayonet charge. This was an unprecedented thing, before even a volley was exchanged, and deceived them into believing that there was an enormous force behind.

This little trick of Lieutenant Ray's carried the day.

The Afghans broke in wild disorder and retreated. Properly managed even a line of one hundred men can make a formidable show.

Nobody understood how to work this point better than Lieutenant Ray. With ringing cheers the brave hundred entered the Afghan camp, drove the foe out by sheer bravado and actually turned their own battery of ten guns upon them.

Of course now that the foes' battery was gained, it could be easily held against their reinforcements by the hundred men. But in the height of victory a new contingency arose.

A masked battery not five hundred yards distant had opened upon the two guns left by Ray to hold the road. Under cover of the battery a body of the Afghans had swept down upon the handful of men in charge of the guns.

Ray saw that he was likely to lose his guns and position, so he called for a score of the guards and started them on the double quick to the relief.

Unable to wait, he galloped on madly himself and reached the spot to see his gunners being sabered by the foe.

The sight maddened him, and he rode among them, slashing right and left.

Ray was an intrepid fighter. It would have, perhaps, been better had he possessed less of that daring spirit.

As it was, no power could restrain him from coping with the foe, even single-handed. His horse was cut down, and his sword was broken, but he grasped a musket by the barrel and mounting a gun carriage he swung his improvised battle-club right and left, battering down the swarming foe who attempted to reach him and literally holding them at bay for some moments.

Meanwhile all the men had been cut down and he was the sole survivor. A horde of Afghans swarmed about the gun carriage on which he stood swinging aloft the musket with deadly desperation.

The Scotch Guards did not come as promptly as expected, and he was hemmed in upon all sides. Shots were fired at him, bullets cut holes in his garments, and yet he seemed to bear a charmed life.

In the midst of the melee he saw one of the heathens directly in front of him with a red jacket and turban, and in his hand was a gleaming scimitar, which, save the blade, seemed made of shining silver. In an instant Ray had recognized the atrocious human butcher, Hadji Kalroonah, or the Silver Scimitar.

With a thrill the Yankee lieutenant saw the wretch climbing over the wheel to get a blow at him with the deadly scimitar. Ray compressed his lips, and swung aloft the musket. Down came the butt upon Hadji Kalroonah's head. The famed leader was no more. His skull had been crushed in.

The silver scimitar fell from his right hand, and he fell back under the terrific blows rained upon him by the Yankee lieutenant. But Fate could not be defied forever, and suddenly, just as the guards charged upon the Afghans, Ray threw up his arms and fell upon the gun carriage.

The brave Scots put the attacking heathens to flight, and held the guns safely. Desultory fighting followed, but the day was won. Reinforcements arrived and the east road was held.

But the hero of the hour lay beneath a heap of the slaughtered foe. He was taken out for dead, but a skilled surgeon took his case in hand, and though Ray lay at the point of death for weeks, fortune abided with him and he recovered.

When found under the gun carriage, in his right hand was the silver scimitar. The other clutched the throat of Hadji Kalroonah.

Words could not have so eloquently proved the justice of his claims to the reward. It is needless to say that it was paid him, and a medal of merit by the Queen's own hand decorated his manly breast upon the return of his company to England, which occurred a few months later.

He was true to the memory of the girl he loved, and an American steamer brought him back to his native soil.

We will not dwell upon the happiness of that meeting between mother and son and sweetheart.

Penury no longer cursed the declining days of the aged mother, for Ray found a lucrative business and soon became wealthy.

The happiest day of his life was when he stood at the altar and took the girl he loved to be his own for life and forever.



## NEWS OF THE DAY

Patrons of the parcel post are not to be made to pay for the negligence of postmasters in failing to see that proper stamps were used on the parcels, or that the proper amount of postage was affixed. Postmaster General Burleson annulled the order providing for the collection of a double rate of postage when ordinary stamps are used. Hereafter the postmasters must return to senders incorrectly stamped parcels before the stamps are cancelled.

Some Winchester cockerel seems to be responsible for the following advertisement in a Boston paper: "CAN'T SLEEP IN WINCHESTER—Will sacrifice my beautiful estate for cash, or will exchange for a home in any town near Boston where there is a ban on roosters." This is not the Winchester that was twenty miles away, nor the Winchester that made the cartridges famous. It is Winchester, Mass., one of Boston's most beautiful suburbs, and is a place where dwellers are supposed to be perfectly happy.

Direct communication between San Francisco and London by cable and telegraph was established March 25th in a test of a cable sounder which permits the use of the Morse code for cable messages. The transcontinental line of the Postal Telegraph Company was "hooked up" to the transatlantic cable for a few minutes and messages were exchanged without difficulty. The cable is routed via Boston and Halifax and the operator in London and the man in San Francisco "talked" to each other without the assistance of relay offices.

The State of New Jersey has established the first State School of Musketry in the United States. The object of the school is to teach officers and men of the National Guard all about the government arm in order to fit them for instructors. The reward for conscientious work is a place on the state team in the national matches and a detail as range officer and instructor during the rifle practice season at Sea Girt. This is just one commendable idea that has originated in the mind of that sterling father of rifle practice in the United States, General Bird W. Spencer, of New Jersey. It is a movement worthy of the highest commendation.

Students of Wellesley College have started a club, the object of which will be to prevent a member from marrying until at least three years after her graduation and then only to a man with an income of \$5,000 or more. The club is to be known as the Wellesley Marriage Club. It has been organized by the daughter of a Chicago business man, who says that it is the beginning of a chain of similar clubs to be started shortly in all of the large women's colleges. Many of the smaller schools, she said, were planning such clubs. The election of officers for the Wellesley club is to be held as soon as the membership reaches 100. At present forty students are in favor of the club,

but the organizers say this is because they are desirous of keeping it exclusive and have asked only about fifty of the students to join. It is expected that the membership will be increased by twenty new members in the coming week.

In the New York Sun recently the veteran writer, Joe Vila, relates the following interesting story, recalled at this time by the recent death of the chief character of the little tale: J. B. Billings, who died in Boston recently, was formerly treasurer of the Boston National League Club and a member of the famous triumvirate—Soden, Conant and Billings—under whose ownership the Boston Club won numerous pennants and cleaned up \$2,000,000 in profits. It was during the pennant race of 1880 that Treasurer Billings a hard loser, made a fatal mistake. After the Bostons, managed by James A. Hart, had lost several games in a row out West when they were running neck and neck with the Giants for the flag, Billings sent a memorable telegram to Hart, which read: "Put the pitchers in cotton and send them home." The dispatch became public and the Beaneaters, disgruntled, lost the pennant.

In the history of the present Southern League Nashville, Memphis and New Orleans have repeated as pennant winners. Thus it will be seen that "repeaters" are not uncommon things in this league and every indication points to the Birmingham Barons as pennant winners again this year. That Carleton Molesworth deserved to win in 1912 cannot be disputed. He had a fast, hard-hitting machine which was always in the fight and had few, if any real weaknesses. It was well balanced in stickwork, could field capably and proved to be the best club on the sacks in the league. All of these things added together made them a pennant winner. Of all the teams in the league it seems that the Barons have suffered least since last season from trades, sales and rafts. They will start the 1913 season with the old team intact, except in a few places, and plenty of material to jam into these holes. The catching staff has lost Yantz, the infield has lost Almeida, the outfield Jimmy Johnston, and the pitching staff "Pop Boy" Smith. Outside of these four men the team is practically the same as in 1912. The greatest loss to the team will be in Johnston, whose daring on the paths was one of the chief features of the team's work. Birmingham won the pennant last year because it had the strongest pitching staff in the league, and indications are that this department will be again a power of strength. In Foxen, Boyd, Hardgrove and Prough "Moley"—it has four certain winners. In addition to them the Baron manager has several other youngsters of promise, whose records are obscure. From one of them he should find a winner, and if he then thinks his hurlers aren't strong enough, Jimmy Callahan, of the White Sox, or Joe Tinker, of the Reds, will be glad to assist him. The team will still have plenty of batting strength this season, and, with four pitchers of recognized class, will be able to fight consistently in every game.



## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### BOMB PROOF BULLION TRAIN.

Making monthly shipments amounting to nearly \$12,000,000, the South African gold mines take extreme care that their bullion shall reach the coast in safety. Since most of the shipments are sent from Pretoria by rail many attempts have been made to hold up trains. To make successful robbery impossible the nine companies have built a car that is substantially a safe on wheels. It is equipped with lights that show every inch of space under, over, alongside and on each end of the body, and it is bullet and bomb proof. As further protection a guard is locked up in the car with every shipment and cannot be released until the destination is reached.

### STEPHEN C. FOSTER MEMORIAL.

The home of Stephen C. Foster, author of some of the best known songs ever written by an American, will be bought by the Allied Board of Trade and presented to the city of Pittsburg. The old home at Butler street and Penn avenue at the "Forks of the Road," is more than 100 years old and is still in excellent condition. Stephen Foster, whose songs are said to have had as great an influence in the ante-bellum days as the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is known best for his "Suwanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Black Joe." Every civic body in Pittsburg is interested in the movement to preserve the Foster home as a memorial to the famed bard. Chancellor Samuel Black McCormick, of the University of Pittsburg, discussed the project and said: "Foster's home belongs to the nation. His birthplace should be preserved for coming generations."

### WANTS CANAL IMPREGNABLE.

The members of the House Naval Affairs Committee have arrived at Havana from Guantanamo and Panama. They are apparently all in favor of making the canal impregnable, if possible, but most of them refuse to express their opinions regarding Panama.

Representative Samuel J. Tribble, of Georgia, said: "With the exception of Gibraltar, which cannot be duplicated, the Panama Canal fortifications should be made the strongest in the world, so as to resist any world power. There may be many emergencies arising not so far distant that will justify this expense." When asked about Colonel Goethals' request for a garrison of 25,000 men, he said: "I believe that Congress should place a force adequate to garrison the zone for all purposes, regardless of the number that may be necessary."

Mr. Tribble's sentiments seem to be those of the rest of the committee.

### THE AUTOMOBILE RAGE.

Fifteen years ago the automobile was only a traveler's tale and the hobby of a few crack-brained experimenters. Five years ago the automobile factories of the United

States produced about 100,000 cars. This year about 500,000 cars will be built, whose total value will exceed \$600,000,000. One city alone will produce 300,000 cars, one factory 200,000.

In 1905 the lowest practical price for an automobile was \$900; to-day a better one costs but \$600. Cars equal to those costing \$1,500 and \$2,000 five years ago cost \$1,100 and \$1,500 to-day, and \$900 buys a car better than the \$1,200 car of the earlier date.

In 1908 about 300,000 of our citizens owned automobiles; before summer there will be an automobile for every 100 persons. In 1908 our export motor business was not worth mentioning; last year it exceeded \$25,000,000.

Five years ago this country had but a sprinkling of motor trucks. They were poorly built; their advantages were doubtful. The only thing certain was the enormous latent demand. To-day there are some 40,000 motor trucks giving satisfaction to 18,000 owners and the percentage of growth in this business exceeds that in the pleasure car field.

To-day the invested capital in the automobile business in this country alone rivals that of the United States Steel Corporation.

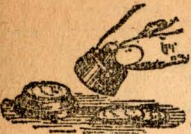
Most of the employees are skilled, most of them work in modern, wholesome factories, and all are well paid.

### THE TRI-STATE LEAGUE.

The Tri-State League held its final meeting at the Columbus Hotel in Harrisburg, Pa., on March 20th, and cleared the decks for action. The meeting was the first since the members determined to have a six-club league, and the players from the Reading and Chester teams, which will not be in the league, were distributed as follows: Catcher Therre, Reading to Harrisburg; Frank Sheekard, Robert Scott, of Reading; George Edwards and S. C. Follensby, of Chester, to Allentown. The Philadelphia Nationals obtain Pitcher Llewellyn. The league salary limit was raised from \$1,600 to \$1,800, but all attempts to raise the individual salary limit of \$150 per month were defeated. Bert Leopold, Altoona, and Jake Weitzel, owner of the defunct Reading Club, and H. Kister Free, of York, recently deposed as Tri-State representative from York, were elected honorary members of the league. A championship schedule released for publication on March 28th was adopted, the season to open April 30th and close on Labor Day. Some questions about division of holidays occurred, and they will be arranged between Wilmington and Allentown later. Wilmington wants Memorial Day with Allentown instead of July 4th. The banquet of the Down and Out Club was attended by representatives of the newspapers of the circuit and Philadelphia, and many men formerly identified with Tri-State baseball. William S. Tunis was toastmaster and Mayor Royal was the guest of the evening. Governor Tener was tendered an invitation and greeted the banqueters for a few minutes.



### MAGIC COINER.



A mystifying and amusing trick. Tin blanks are placed under the little tin cup and apparently coined into dimes. A real money-maker. Price, 20c. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### THE FOUNTAIN RING.



A handsome ring connected with a rubber ball which is concealed in the palm of the hand. A gentle squeeze forces water or cologne in the face of the victim while he is examining it. The ball can be instantly filled by immersing ring in water same as a fountain pen filler. Price by mail, postpaid, 12c. each. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### ITCH POWDER.



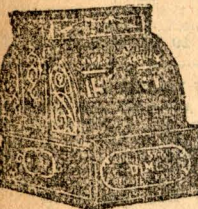
Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It will make him scratch, roar, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### TRICK FAN.



A lady's fan made of colored silk cloth. The fan may be used and then shut, and when it opens again, it falls in pieces; shut and open again and it is perfect, without a sign of a break. A great surprise for those not in the trick. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid. M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

### "UNCLE SAM" BANKS.



For Quarters, Nickels, Dimes, and Pennies. Every deposit registers. Quarter Banks register 80 deposits or \$20.00, the Nickel Bank holds 200 deposits or \$10.00, the Dime Bank holds 200 deposits or \$20.00, and the Penny Bank contains 100 deposits or \$1.00. These banks are about 4 1/2 inches long, 4 inches high, 2 inches wide and weigh from 7-8 lb. to 11-12 lbs. They are made of heavy cold rolled steel, are beautifully ornamented, and cannot be opened until the full amount of their capacity is deposited. When the coin is put in the slot, and a lever is pressed, a bell rings. The indicator always shows the amount in the bank. All the mechanism is securely placed out of reach of meddlesome fingers. It is the strongest, safest, and most reliable bank made as it has no key, but locks and unlocks automatically. Price, \$1.00 each. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### GREAT PANEL TRICK.



This remarkable illusion consists of a simple, plain wooden panel, octagonal in shape, with no signs of a trick about it. The panel can be examined by any one; you then ask for a penny or silver coin and place it on the center of the panel; then at the word of command the coin immediately disappears. You do not change the position of the panel at any time, but hold it in full view of the audience all the time. The coin does not pass into the performer's hand, nor into his sleeve; neither does it drop upon the floor. The second illusion is as wonderful as the first; at the word of command the coin again appears upon the center of the panel as mysteriously as it went. We send full printed instructions by the aid of which any one can perform the trick, to the astonishment and delight of their friends. Price, 15c., 2 for 25c., by mail postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### Sure Fire Accuracy Penetration

### The World's Record Holders

Remington-UMC .22 cal. cartridges have broken two records in two years.

The present world's 100-shot gallery record, 2484 ex 2500, held by Arthur Hubalek was made with these hard hitting .22's.

They will help you, too, to break your best shooting records. Remington-UMC .22's are made, too, with hollow point bullets. This increases their shocking and killing power.

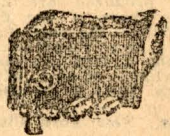
Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299 Broadway, New York City

BOYS make money; write for particulars and receive free sample; sure to please. THE P. J. EFF COMPANY, 753 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

### POCKET FLASH LIGHT SQUIRT.



Made of decorated enameled metal, representing an exact flash pocket lighter; by pressing a button instead of the bulb's eye, an electrically lighted up stream of water is ejected into the face of the spectator; an entirely new and amusing novelty. Price, 35c., postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### THE PHANTOM FINGER.



As these fingers are cast in moulds in which a person's fingers have been encased, they are a lifelike model of the same. The finger can be made to pass through a person's hat or coat without injury to the hat or garment. It appears to be your own finger. A perfect illusion. Price, 15c.; 2 for 25c., postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS



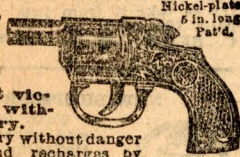
Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form. Small size, price 5 cents; large size, 10 cents a package, by mail, postpaid. M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

### GOOD LUCK GUN FOB



The real western article, carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather, with a highly nickeled buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid. M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

### Wizard Repenting LIQUID PISTOL



Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any Liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 55c. Holsters separate, 10c. Send money order. No postage stamps or coins accepted. PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 273 GEORGIA AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**WE SHIP ON APPROVAL** without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1913 model bicycles. **FACTORY PRICES** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on this sample bicycle going to your town. **RIDER AGENTS** everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory. **TIMES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Worry; write today for our special offer. HEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P158 CHICAGO**

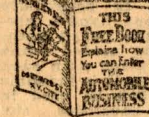
### LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME



Ventriloquist Double Throat. Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Dpt. K Frenchtown, N.J.

**FREE BLUE ENAMELLED FLAG PIN.** Any letter hand engraved, and a catalog of Badge Pins, Jewelry, Tricks, Jokes and Puzzles. Send TWO cents to pay for postage and handling. **BEVERLY NOVELTY CO., 208J Beverly Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

### LEARN AUTOS



This book explains how we actually start up in the Auto Business as CHAUFFEUR, REPAIR-MAN or SALES-MAN. Our simple system of home training with lessons—charts and models—enables YOU to become an AUTO Expert. Demand exceeds supply. Write for free book and new employment plan. Don't delay.

PRACTICAL AUTO SCHOOL, 70-J Beaver Street, New York, N. Y.

**BOYS** Earn 4 to 7 cents on every 10 cent sale. Housekeepers buy again and again. Send 5 cents for 12 samples and full instructions. **A. W. LEIBMAN, Mgr. Morris Park, Long Island, N. Y.**



### MYSTERIOUS SKULL.



Shines in the dark. The most frightful ghost ever shown. A more startling effect could not be found. Not only will it afford tremendous amusement, but it is guaranteed to scare away burglars, bill collectors, and book agents. It cannot get out of order and can be used repeatedly. Price, 4x5 inches, 15c.; by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoes is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### JUMPING JACK PENCIL.



This pencil is made up in handsome style and looks so inviting that every one will want to look at it. The natural thing to do is to write with it, and just as soon as your friend tries to write, the entire inside of the pencil flies back like a jumping jack, and "Mr. Nosy" will be frightened stiff. It is one of our best pencil tricks and you will have a hard job trying to keep it. Your friends will try to take it from you. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c. each. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### NEW SURPRISE NOVELTY.



Foxy Grandpa, Mr. Peewee and other comical faces artistically colored, to which is attached a long rubber tube, connected with a rubber ball, which can be filled with water, the rubber ball being carried in the pocket, a slight pressure on the bulb causes a long stream, the result can easily be seen.

Price, 15c., Postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickle-plated brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### IMITATION CIGAR BUTT.



It is made of a composition, exactly resembling a lighted cigar. The white ashes at the end and the imitation of tobacco-leaf being perfect. You can carelessly place it on top of the tablecloth or any other expensive piece of furniture, and await the result. After they see the joke everybody will have a good laugh. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### AUTOMATIC COPYING PENCIL.



The importance of carrying a good reliable pencil need not be dwelt upon here. It is an absolute necessity with us all. The holder of this pencil is beautifully nickle-plated with grooved box-wood handle, giving a firm grip in writing; the pencil automatically supplies the lead as needed while a box of these long leads are given with each pencil. The writing of this pencil is indelible the same as ink, and thus can be used in writing letters, addressing envelopes, etc. Bills of account or invoices made out with this pencil can be copied the same as if copying ink was used. It is the handiest pencil on the market; you do not require a knife to keep it sharp; it is ever ready, ever safe, and just the thing to carry.

Price of pencil, with box of leads complete, only 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen 90c. postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### TRICK MATCHES.



Consist of a Swedish safety box, filled with matches, which will not light. Just the thing to cure the match borrowing habit. Price, 5c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

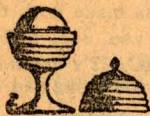
### POCKET SAVINGS BANK.



A perfect little bank, handsomely nickel plated. Holds just five dollars (50 dimes). It cannot be opened until the bank is full, when it can be readily emptied and relocked, ready to be again refilled. Every parent should see that their children have a small savings bank, as the early habit of saving their dimes is of the greatest importance. Habits formed in early life are seldom forgotten in later years. Price of this little bank, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### TRICK CUP.



Made of natural white wood turned, with two compartments; a round, black ball fits on those compartments; the other is a stationary ball. By a little practice you make the black ball vanish; a great trick novelty and immense seller.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

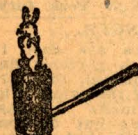
### THE AUTOPHONE.



A small musical instrument that produces very sweet musical notes by placing it between the lips with the tongue over the edge, and blowing gently into the instrument. The notes produced are not unlike those of the fife and flute. We send full printed instructions whereby anyone can play very little practice. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

### MAGIC PIPE.



Made of a regular corn-cob pipe, with rubber figures inside; by blowing through the stem the figure will jump out. Made in following figures: rabbits, donkeys, cats, chickens, etc.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### MAGIC MIRROR.



Fat and lean funny faces. By looking in these mirrors upright your features become narrow and elongated. Look into it sideways and your phiz broadens out in the most comical manner. Size 3 1/4 x 2 1/4 inches, in a handsome imitation morocco case.

Price, 10c. each, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

### THE CANADIAN WONDER CARD TRICK.



Astonishing, wonderful, and perplexing! Have you seen them? Any child can work them, and yet, what they do is so amusing that the sharpest people on earth are fooled. We cannot tell you what they do, or others would get next and spoil the fun. Just get a set and read the directions. The results will startle your friends and utterly mystify them. A genuine good thing if you wish to have no end of amusement.

Price by mail, 10c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

### PICTURE POSTALS.



They consist of Jungle sets, Map and Seal of States, Good Luck cards, Comics, with witty sayings and funny pictures, cards showing celebrated person's buildings, etc. In fact, there is such a great variety that it is not possible to describe them here. They are beautifully embossed in exquisite colors, some with glazed surfaces, and others in matt. Absolutely the handsomest cards issued.

Price 15c. for 25 cards by mail.

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The puzzle is to separate the one star from the linked star and crescent without using force. Price by mail, postpaid 10c.; 3 for 25c.

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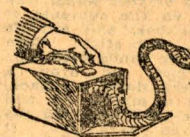
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Fool Your Friends. The greatest novelty of the age! Have a joke which makes everybody laugh. More fun than any other novelty that has been shown in years. Place it on a desk, tablecloth, or any piece of furniture, as shown in the above cut, near some valuable papers, or on fine wearing apparel. Watch the result! Oh, Gee! Price, 15c. each, postpaid.

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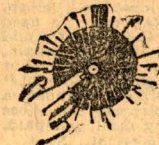


To all appearances this little startler is a nice looking camera. The proper way to use it is to tell your friends you are going to take their pictures. Of course they are tickled, for nearly everybody wants to pose for a photograph. You arrange them in a group, fuss around a little bit, aim your camera at them, and request the ladies to look pleasant. As soon as they are smiling and trying to appear beautiful, press the spring in your camera. Imagine the yell when a huge snake jumps out into the crowd. Guaranteed to take the swelling out of any one's head at the first shot.

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WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

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Price, 20c. by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



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- 533 Young Wild West's Rustler Round-Up; or, Arietta's Call for Help.
- 534 Young Wild West and "Ginger Jake"; or, The Boss of Gimble Gulch.
- 535 Young Wild West and the Choctaw Chief; or, Arietta Defying the Redskins.
- 536 Young Wild West and the Haunted Pass; or, The Secret of the Death Trail.
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- 544 Young Wild West at an Indian Pow-Wow; or, Doomed to Die at the Stake.
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- 546 Young Wild West Racing for a Ranch; or, Spitfire on His Mettle.
- 547 Young Wild West Marked by Mexicans; or, Arietta and the Senior.
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